

SPORT

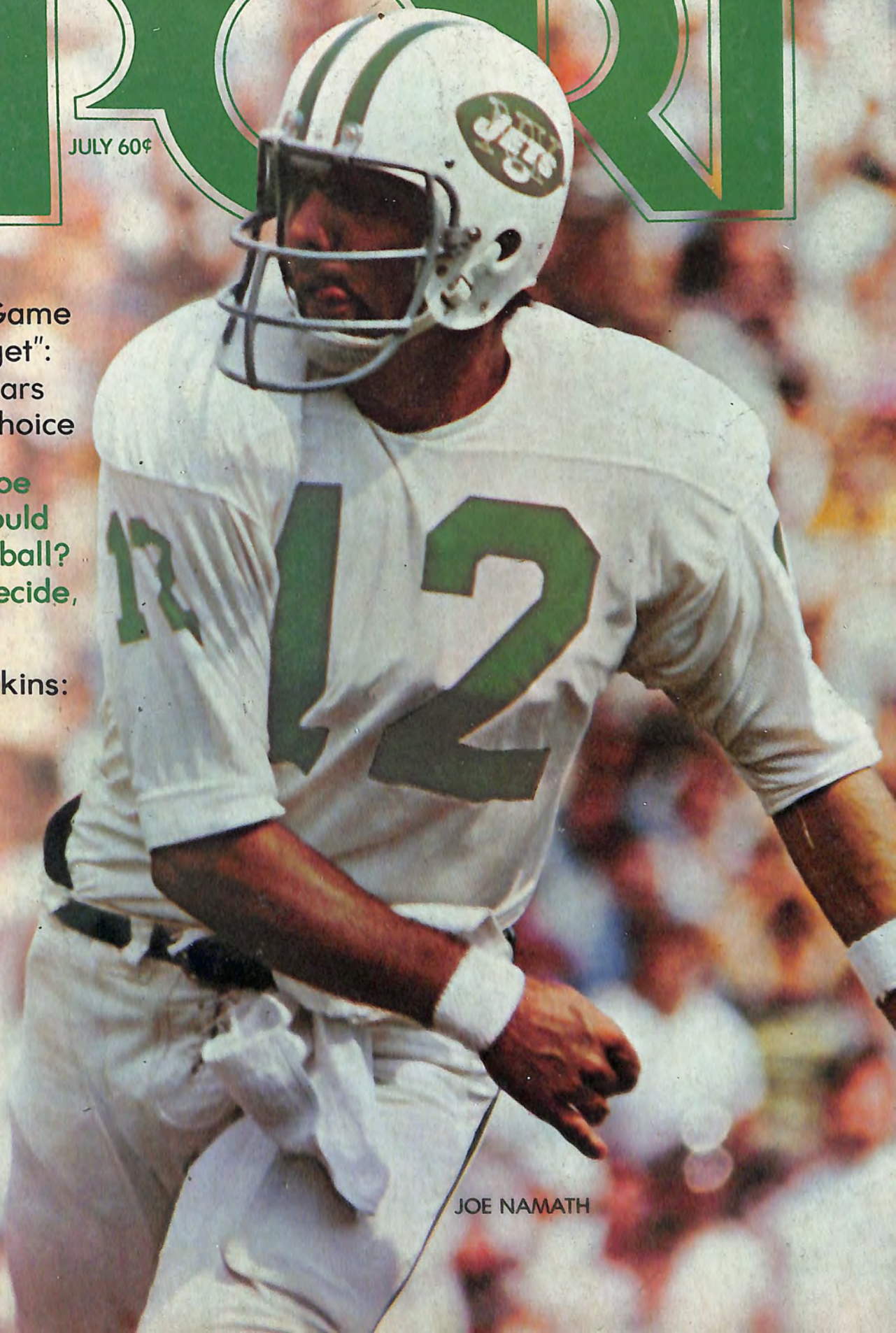
JULY 60¢

"The All-Star Game
I'll Never Forget":
12 Baseball Stars
Make Their Choice

If You Were Joe
Namath—Would
You Quit Football?
Before You Decide,
See Page 47

Ferguson Jenkins:
His Secret
Formula For
Winning
20 Games
Every
Year

Why Stan
Smith Is
Now The
World's Top
Tennis
Player



JOE NAMATH

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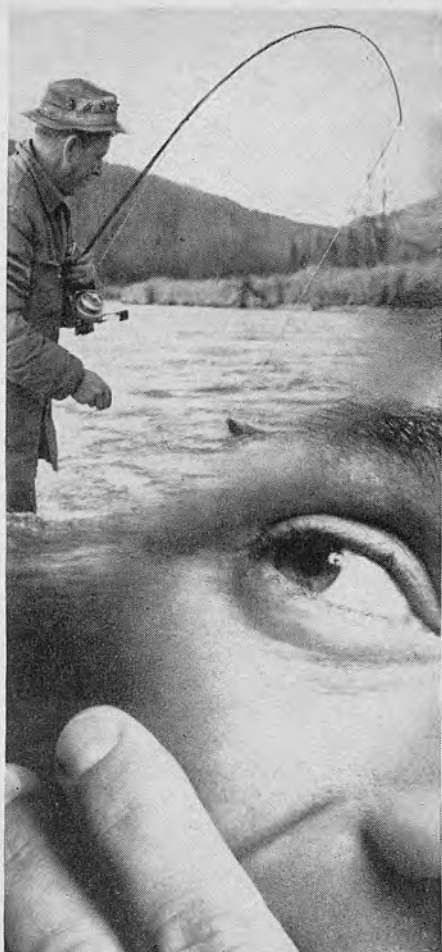
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SPORT

26TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

JULY 1972 VOL. 54, NO. 1

THE LINEUP FOR JULY

- 25 **Wilt Wins NBA Dodge Charger**
- 42 **"The All-Star Game I'll Never Forget"** LOU PRATO
- 46 **Can Football Live Without Joe Namath?** JOHN DEVANEY
- 48 **How—And Why—Presidential Contenders Use Athletes**
TOM DOWLING
- 50 **Stan Smith And The Protestant Ethic** BARRY LORGE
- 54 **Willie Horton vs. The World** AL HIRSHBERG.
- 58 **CanAm '72** ROBERT ARTHUR CUTTER
- 62 **Looms The Mad Stork** BILL BRAUCHER
- 65 **"Some Guys Have John Wayne...I Have Jimmy Cannon"**
BOB GREENE
- 68 **Dave Kingman: "You Are A Thing Of Beauty"** ARNOLD HANO
- 74 **Hockey's Rookie Executioner**

OLYMPICS '72

- 70 **The Emancipation Of A Javelin Thrower** GEORGE VECSEY

THE SPORT SPECIAL

- 76 **Ferguson Jenkins: The Triumph Of Self-Discipline** DON KOWET

DEPARTMENTS

- 4 **This Month in SPORT**
- 6 **SPORT Talk** DON KOWET
- 14 **The SPORT Quiz**
- 16 **Paul Hemphill's America**
- 18 **Out Of The Butterfly Net** VIC ZIEGEL
- 20 **College Athlete Of The Month: Denise Hooten**
- 22 **Letters To SPORT**
- 32 **"Vinegar Bend" Mizell...Where Have You Gone?**
- 32 **Inside Facts** ALLAN ROTH
- 116 **TIME OUT WITH THE EDITORS: Reduce The Major-League Teams**

COVER CREDIT

Joe Namath MARTIN BLUMENTHAL

Nylon 66. The gun with nine lives. And then some.



It's said that cats have nine lives, because of their remarkable ability to survive catastrophe. Our Nylon 66 automatic rifle has that same ability. And it has at least six more lives, to boot. Here's the story:

At our Research Center in Ilion, New York, Remington engineers fired 75,000 rounds from a single Nylon 66 22 caliber, automatic rim fire rifle. At the end of the test, there had been no malfunctions and the gun remained in good firing condition. Now, if you figure that the average number of rounds fired in a gun in a lifetime is approximately 5,000 rounds—and that's on the high side—then that Nylon 66 had been fired for the equivalent of fifteen lifetimes.



Remington engineer test firing the Nylon 66.

Actually though, one lifetime of exceptionally reliable use is enough for most of us. And that's the very least you'll get from the Nylon 66. We designed it to take an incredible amount of abuse. It performs beautifully in any weather. And it's as free of malfunction as a gun can be.

We know of one story, for example, where a Nylon 66 was burned in a fire. After the soot and dust were cleaned from it, the gun was fired. It worked. And that's not surprising, because in tests we've shot the Nylon 66 at a scorching 250° F. We've frozen it and fired it at minus 40° F. We've soaked it in water. Covered it with dust. Buried it in mud. And each time, our Nylon 66 came out shooting. If you can find a better 22 than that, buy it.

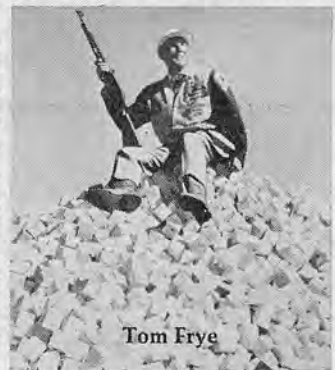
What gives this gun its remarkable durability? It's the exclusive Remington design incorporating a super-tough structural nylon—Du Pont ZYTEL®—as the material for the fore-end and stock. ZYTEL is so tough, in fact, that it's used to make everything from high-stress machinery gears to horseshoes. In the Nylon 66, it makes a stock that will not warp, crack, chip, peel or fade for the life of the gun.

So you have an extremely rugged rifle that doesn't need babying. It can bounce around the back of a truck, lie in a dusty closet for months, slosh around in the bottom of a canoe or even sit outside your igloo day after day. And every time, when you're ready to use it, it's ready to fire.

And when you fire your Nylon 66, you'll find it an exceptionally accurate gun. The same barrel-bedding principle

used on the world's most expensive target rifles is used on the Nylon 66. The action never needs lubrication, either, because the metal parts glide on "greaseless bearings" of nylon that resist dust, dirt and grit, a cause of malfunctions in other automatics.

Did you ever hear of Tom Frye? He is a Remington Field Representative, and when the gun was first introduced in 1959, he wanted to demonstrate its amazing performance and accuracy. So using two Nylon 66's in relays (and Peters 22 long rifle cartridges), he had assistants toss 2 3/4" wooden blocks as targets. Out of 100,010 targets tossed, Tom hit all but six—a record which stands to this day. There wasn't a single malfunction, and the guns finished in great shape.



Tom Frye

We think the Nylon 66 is the most rugged rifle you can buy. And for the money, one of the most accurate. It's available with either a brown stock and blued receiver (Mohawk Brown model—\$59.95*), or a black stock with a chrome-plated receiver and barrel (Apache Black model—\$64.95*). Both are tube-fed and have a capacity of fourteen 22 caliber long rifle cartridges.

And while you're at it, get yourself a supply of Remington or Peters high velocity 22s with "golden" bullets. They're coated with a special hard, dry lubricant that won't pick up dirt or lint to carry into the mechanism of the rifle. And they have "Kleanbore" priming so they won't leave residue to corrode the barrel. (This ammunition is designed and tested to work efficiently with the Nylon 66. So it makes sense that you should use it.)



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JULY THIS MONTH IN SPORT



GEORGE VECSEY

I want you to know that I love George Vecsey, even though he stood up my wife and me at the Super Bowl in New Orleans last January. We had a date for dinner one night, and George had accepted, and then chose a more enticing invitation. I reminded him about that incident recently and then gently asked him to sum himself up as a person. "George Vecsey," he said without prompting, "cuts out on dinner parties in New Orleans. George Vecsey is unreliable."

Maybe as a dinner companion, but not as a writer; his story on Bill Skinner (Page 70) is living proof of Vecsey's reliability, and talent, as a journalist.

That talent was inherited, no question about that. When he was born, in 1938, his father was sports editor of the Long Island Press, and his mother was society editor of the same newspaper. "It sounds corny as hell," George says, "but if I wasn't going to be a sports-

writer, I don't know what the hell I was gonna be." George has a brother, Peter, who is also a sportswriter (with the New York Daily News), but a younger brother, Chris, has apparently broken the Mendelian chain; he is a folksinger.

George began his newspaper career when he was 15 and went to work as a part-time copy boy at Long Island's other paper, Newsday. He worked all through his college days at Hofstra University where he remembers the star writer among students was not George Vecsey but Francis Ford Coppola, who has since directed and helped write the movie version of *The Godfather*. But Hofstra wasn't a total loss. George's co-editor on the school yearbook became his wife. Today, Marianne and George Vecsey are raising three children—Laura, who is 10, Corinna, 7, and David, 2.

When he went to work fulltime for Newsday, he covered high school sports. But he covered high schools differently. He drove high school authorities nuts because he would go straight to the kids and ask them about such things as, how can you believe what the coaches tell you, how can you believe what your parents tell you, where's your mind at? Finally, it was decided it would be safer to have George cover major-league baseball, and that's what he did for Newsday from 1962-1968, when he moved to the New York Times. In 1970 he left sports to cover Appalachia for the Times. "I had done enough covering games," he said. "Sports still interests me but here was a chance to write about people rather than facts or events." He has found the mountain folk of Appalachia much to his liking, "as sharp and clear-headed and as nice a group of people as any I have ever met." And he says he has made lasting friendships among them. But that's understandable because George Vecsey is a sweet, gentle and honorable person. And he has never run out of a dinner party in Appalachia.

Al Silverman

SPORT



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SPORT TALK

BY DON KOWET

BIAS IN BASEBALL

It was a comment any black big-leaguer would understand: "Finley treated me like a colored boy," said a bitter Vida Blue after signing his '72 contract.

"Sure," black players argue, "Jackie Robinson and Larry Doby broke the color-bar, but big-league racial bias has just gone *underground*." The proof? "If a black man plans to make a career of major-league baseball, he'd damn well better have *superstar* talent!"

Still, up to now even sympathetic reporters have tended to write off most of their charges to paranoia. How can

you explain away the six figure salaries of Aaron, Mays, Gibson, Marichal and Co.? On the surface, at least, it seems that black ballplayers are gobbling up extra helpings from baseball's money-pie.

Recently, however, Dr. Gerald Scully (a professional economist at Southern Illinois University) sliced that pie with statistical tools—and found a filling over-spiced with racial discrimination. Blacks, he discovered, were paid more than whites on average, but not in proportion to their performance. According to his study, for example, if a white outfielder and a black both have slugging

averages of .450, the white ballplayer can expect to earn \$15,000 per annum more. "Blacks must out-hit whites by about 35 points in their lifetime averages to earn an equivalent salary of \$30,000," Dr. Scully reports. "And at a batting average of .260, white infielders earn \$8,000 more than black infielders"—despite the fact that blacks showed a superiority over whites, position by position, in fielding statistics.

"If I'm twice as good as you are," adds Dr. Scully, "and I'm paid half again as much, then I'm being exploited. I'm being paid less per unit for performance."

The study, prepared as part of the Brookings Institute's inquiry into the economics of professional sports, also presents hard statistical evidence that blacks with major-league, but not superstar ability are less likely to make the big leagues than white ballplayers with equivalent skills. And part of this subtle color-bar may be the result of discrimination by position. In 1969, for example, 26.5 percent of major-league playing positions were occupied by blacks. But 59.2 percent of these black ballplayers were outfielders, while only 11 percent were pitchers. Why the statistical imbalance? The investigators found part of the explanation in major-league attendance figures.

"I was surprised to find that attendance dropped by roughly 2000 on the average when a black pitcher performed," says Dr. Scully. "Especially," he adds, "since black pitchers (statistically) are on the whole better performers." The relationship between race of a pitcher and decline in attendance, Dr. Scully points out, cannot be due to chance.

The effect of course, is to lower the black pitcher's economic value—and his chances for a starting role with a major-league ballclub. And it's too early to tell if the Vida Blue phenomenon (his exceptional drawing power) reflects a decline in racial bias among fans, or whether the Oakland flash was merely the exception that proves the rule of prejudice.

CONDITIONS AND COMMENTS

After missing three of four field goal attempts in a Bronco-Dolphin encounter



Hank Aaron (left) leads Carl Yastrzemski (right) in lifetime batting average, home runs per season and RBIs per season. So how come Yaz had a bigger salary in '71?

What are your cassettes doing at home when you're out driving?

Gathering dust probably. But with a Panasonic stereo cassette player in your car, you can take your favorite tapes along for the ride. Panasonic has players for the glove compartment. Dashboard. Floor. Players that can even be adapted to fit in a boat or a plane.

The CX-131 is compact. And, like all our car stereos, easy to work. It has the kind of controls that let you keep your eyes on the road. Or on your date. All you have to do is push buttons. Push one button. The cassette pops out. Push another. The tape starts over again. One more push, on the fast-forward button, and you go right

to the song you want to hear.

Even though the CX-131 is small, its two-stage pre-amp gives you big stereo sound. The kind that can make a Ford sound like the Fillmore. And with the sliding tone controls, you can make rock as hard, or as soft, as you like.

Then there's the RS-246. It works under any car's dashboard. American dashboards. Foreign dashboards. Even truck dashboards. Because this model has both positive and negative ground. You get fast forward, rewind and stop buttons. Plus automatic controls. So your cassettes play, stop and eject automatically.

Finally, there's our floor-mounted unit. The RS-248. It has two very special features. Automatic Reverse to play the second side of a tape automatically. Plus a manual reverse button to let you switch sides anytime on the tape. And the player part of the RS-248 slides out of a console that bolts onto the floor. So when you park your car at night, you can take your cassette player to bed with you.

If you don't want your tapes to stay home by themselves, see these car stereos at your Panasonic dealer. After all, even a cassette gets lonely when it has no one to play with.



Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

that resulted in a 10-10 tie, Miami's Garo Yepremian—who manufactures men's neckties when he isn't kicking field goals—received a letter. "Somebody sent me a picture of a big tie with 10-10 written on it," Yepremian said. "The note underneath it said, 'This kind of tie we won't buy.'"

A KAREEM JABBAR?

Recently Jeff Rammelt, a seventh-grade student at Jefferson Junior High School in Helenville, Wisconsin, sent us a letter telling us about a test he took in Social Studies class. The kids in his class are expected to keep up with current events, so his teacher asked the following question, worth a bonus five points:

Who is Kareem Jabbar?

"Some of the answers," says Jeff, "were too good to let slip by unnoticed:

A river.

The ruler of India.

A person that lives on earth.

A man that studies animals under the sea.

He or she is a Ping pong player.

He was the man who predicted the population would double by 2000 A.D.

She is helping with the population problem."

A WILD PITCH?

Bud Rodgers, a teacher at Poolesville Elementary School, Washington, D.C., was plagued by the problem that has confounded educators for a decade now. What do you do with children of good potential who turn out to be low-achievers? How can public school curricula be presented in intriguing enough fashion to stimulate these kids to learn the fundamental reading, writing and mathematical skills necessary to give them a toehold in life?

And then Rodgers and his wife took a trip to the baseball and football halls of fame. When they returned, he had discovered a unique way of improving reading skills: Through sports.

"The idea," says Rodgers, "is to psyche a kid enough for him to work for himself and for me. Our reading groups are Colts, Orioles, Rams, not things like bluebirds and buzzards."

The class is decorated with sports mementoes. A "clubhouse," built and



decorated by the pupils, is in the center of the room.

"You syllabify Jurgensen, Harraway, Superdome and Unseld and it's a lot cooler than baby or Egypt," Rodgers explains. "And we have spelling batting averages. We give a trophy for the best batting average and also trophies for the most improvement in our reading program and achievement tests."

The results, so far, have been spectacular. Of the 15 boys in the program, in 1970, only one had to return last year.

"A LOVELY WAY TO GO" CART

Lug a box-lunch out to your local fairway, find some shady spot with a view of the ninth hole and wait for them to come: The golfing cyborgs, half man, half golf cart. Two middle-aged gentlemen, out for a day of exercise, chug up to the pennant, halt their vehicle and putt into the hole. Taking one necessary step backwards, they climb back into the cart and disappear on the horizon.

Exercise? Golf? In golfing carts? The heart palpitates as flexed fingers manipulate controls. Oxygen is pumped through the cardiovascular system as portly buffs peer past their stomachs, then whiff at the ball once. Exercise? Not when golf carts have reduced exertion to the point where golf is equivalent to a day spent on a rocking chair swatting flies. There are now 236,000 carts in use in the U.S. Manufacturers expect to sell another 42,000 in 1972. So Christian Barnard will not be lacking for business.

And carts are expensive, too. The average cart costs \$1395. Fortunately, you can buy one second-hand, and halve your coronary costs.

"We customize them with radios, windshields, fans, carpeting, clocks, cigaret lighters, white sidewalls, turn signals, TV sets and even portable bars," says Palm Springs, California, second-hand dealer Ed Thomas. "For the cart owner who has everything we even have an automatic tee dispenser."

The tee dispenser, Thomas points out, saves you the trouble of fumbling in your pocket. And maybe next year's model will even put the tees in the ground.

Which is what golf carts may do to

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BEACH BASEBALL

Allen Gutwirth of ABC-TV has brought a new sport to our attention: "Metropolitan Urban Beach baseball"—known more colloquially as "Fungo." "Fungo," writes Gutwirth, "is Newton's Law brought to Brighton Beach. You throw a ball into the air and hit it with either a regulation Louisville Slugger or a broom handle." Once making contact, the ball must pass "a short-line" halfway between home plate and the home run line to be called a single. "A two-bagger is a fly ball over the head of the infielder . . . a triple has to bounce at least 10 feet away from the home run line. . . ."

The Fungo season, native to the sands of Brighton Beach at the eastern tip of New York's Coney Island, begins in mid-March, when, according to Gutwirth (Fungo's Margaret Mead), "Stanley the Young arrives on the beach playing field with his three sons, six baseball bats, eight assorted gloves, four softballs, three hardballs, and an antique home plate from Ebbets Field. He looks like he's 25," reports Gutwirth, "but rumor has it his portrait in his apartment is turning to dust."

The rest of the league arrives not far

behind him. Then, says Gutwirth: "Stanley the Young pairs the teams like a marriage broker, splitting up righties and lefties because of glove shortages. The games are either five, seven or nine innings. And if Stanley the Young's team suffers defeat, it's an automatic doubleheader."

Fungo, of course, is a spectator sport, the Boardwalk is equivalent to major-league bleachers. Unfortunately, many of the spectators are oblivious to the heroes performing below them. "Most of them are receiving social security," Gutwirth admits. "They think Fungo is an Israeli dish."

A TALE OF TWO ADDERLEYS

Herb Adderley, 32, is at society's zenith—a glamorous superstar, an All-Pro corner-back for the world champion Dallas Cowboys. A graduate of the Lombardi Packers, Herb is an ex-collegian as successful in business as he is in football.

Charles Adderley, 34, is at the nadir—a convicted murderer who killed a woman for petty cash in 1957. Until recently, his future was conditioned completely by his past: The rest of his years in jail serving a life sentence.

But now Herb Adderley has asked the Pennsylvania Pardons Board to release his brother Charles in his custody.

It's one of those everpresent ironies of life that throughout their formative years the Adderley brothers opted for two different lifestyles, two different fates. Growing up in Philadelphia, Herb was the high school athlete who starred in football, basketball and baseball. In 1956, at 17, he won Philadelphia's Athlete-of-the-Year award, and with it a full football scholarship to Michigan State University.

Meanwhile, his brother Charles, 19, was completing a 20-month sentence for a narcotics conviction.

When he wasn't shattering records on Philadelphia's athletic fields, Herb was devoting his off-hours to work as a counselor at a club set up for high school truants.

Brother Charles—until his arrest—was a truant. Herb was trying to help.

Imagine their mother's dilemma: "Herbert has ambition. He wants to make something of himself," she once said. And Charles? "I cannot understand him," she moaned after his conviction for murder. "I do not know what the answer is. I gave them each the same love and affection. They grew up in the same house."

When Charles was arrested on suspicion of murder, Herb was attending Michigan State. The director of the club for truants—who had hired Herb as a counselor, who'd had Charles as a member—telephoned Herb to break the news to him. "I'm strong enough to carry it," Herb told him.

From that day on, he never forgot his brother, never hid the incident from his friends or his conscience. His brother, he believed, could be rehabilitated. Yes, he had stabbed a 58-year-old Philadelphia woman to rob \$3.75. But he was sick at the time, his mind knotted past all logic or compassion by his body's demand for heroin.

And now, after 14 years, it looks as if Adderley's efforts in behalf of his brother are about to succeed.

So it pays to remember—our athletic heroes exist not only between two and five o'clock on Sundays in-season; and that some of them care about people as much as they care about winning.



Dallas defender Herb Adderley—about to flatten the Dolphins' Paul Warfield.



Today, a man needs a good reason to walk a mile.

Start walking.



? THE SPORT QUIZ!

THIS MONTH'S QUIZ MASTER



The only TV sports commentator ever to receive two Emmy awards, JIM MCKAY is seen weekly as the host of ABC's Wide World of Sports.

GRADE YOURSELF

15-16 EXCELLENT
13-14 VERY GOOD
11-12 FAIR

1. Which of these American Leaguers never hit 50 or more home runs in a season during his career?

- a. Harmon Killebrew
- b. Jimmy Foxx
- c. Hank Greenberg

2. The only player in National League history to win the Triple Crown in batting twice in his career was:

- a. Rogers Hornsby
- b. Stan Musial
- c. Hank Aaron

3. Which NBA club holds the record for the most consecutive games won during the playoffs?

- a. Boston Celtics
- b. Milwaukee Bucks
- c. Los Angeles Lakers

4. In the 1971-72 season, he became the first player ever to set or tie individual season records on three different NHL teams.

- a. Lorne "Gump" Worsley
- b. Bob Nevin
- c. Frank Mahovlich

5. The best American League single season RBI total (184) was the work of:

- a. Hank Greenberg
- b. Ted Williams
- c. Lou Gehrig

6. The last season in which a league batting title was won with an average over .400 was:

- a. 1941
- b. 1930
- c. 1923

7. In 1972 he became the first NBA player to be chosen unanimously by the coaches around the league to the All-Defensive first team.



- a. Dave DeBusschere
- b. John Havlicek
- c. Jerry West

8. Which NFL receiver is not among the top five in lifetime receptions?

- a. Lance Alworth
- b. Bobby Mitchell
- c. Don Hutson

9. Match the ballplayer's name with the department in which he led both major leagues last season.

Lou Brock	Stolen bases
Tom Seaver	Strikeouts
Cesar Cedeno	Two-base hits
Mickey Lolich	ERA

10. Which of these NHL players was the first to become the announced property of a World Hockey Association franchise?

- a. Derek Sanderson
- b. Bernie Parent
- c. Bill White

11. He was runner-up to Artis Gilmore in ABA Rookie-of-the-Year balloting and he tied the single playoff game scoring high of 53 points in 1972.

- a. George McGinnis
- b. Julius Erving
- c. John Roche

12. In 1971 he became the only pitcher in major-league history to belt two home runs in the same game while pitching a no-hit shutout.

- a. Ken Holtzman
- b. Bob Gibson
- c. Rick Wise

13. Which of these NBA stars is not a co-holder of the playoff record for assists in a single game?

- a. Walt Frazier
- b. Oscar Robertson
- c. Bob Cousy

14. Who was the first commissioner of the American Football League?

- a. Joe Foss
- b. Milt Woodard
- c. Al Davis

15. Which club topped the American League in 1971 for team slugging percentage?

- a. Baltimore
- b. Detroit
- c. Boston

16. Who set a new NHL postseason playoff record for total assists in 1972?

- a. Walter Tkaczuk
- b. Bobby Orr
- c. Phil Esposito

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 108

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PAUL HEMPHILL'S AMERICA



There were those wonderful nights at the ballpark: soft summer evenings awash with the smell of hot dogs and the sound of kids stomping out Dixie Cups in the bleachers and the sight of the American flag lazily high above the fence in dead centerfield. Maybe baseball always was a dull and slow game, as many say it is, but it made up for that by being pure and simple. Its beauty was found in its innocence and its reverence for tradition, and that is what made it the National Pastime. "Say it ain't so, Joe," a teary-eyed kid was supposed to have said to Shoeless Joe Jackson in the wake of the Black Sox Scandal, and in a way that was the essence of America's unblinking love affair with baseball.

It was that loyalty and rapport between the players and the fans that set baseball apart from all other sports. This was especially true in the minor leagues, where the parks were cozier and the shortstop lived in the garage apartment next door. Kids came to the park at five o'clock just to see their heroes, barely recognizable in their street clothes, arrive in cabs for another night's war. A hat would be passed through the grandstand, bringing pocket money for a local player who had homered. Players were invited home for supper on Sunday nights. If a boy saw his special idol walking the street, puffing a cigarette, he merely looked the other way.

A night I will never forget came one winter in the late Forties. Somebody had lost control of his car on a dirt road behind our house, and when I came running up to see what was going on an ambulance arrived. Out stepped Eddie Lyons, a bandy-legged second baseman for the Birmingham Barons, who was working for an ambulance

service during the offseason. "Somebody have a wreck or something?" a woman whined, observing the twisted car in the ditch. "Naw, lady," said Eddie Lyons, without any emotion, "somebody picked it up, turned it over, threw it in the ditch and stomped on it." He was also great at hitting behind the runner.

It is a different America now, of course. Baseball may never again enjoy the popularity it had in the decade immediately following the end of World War II. That was an exuberant time—no more rationing, no more death telegrams from the battlefields, no more air-raid blackouts—and the people of the country, simply glad to be alive, wanted to be entertained and to celebrate. They chose to celebrate and to be entertained at the baseball park, all the way from Yankee Stadium to Sportsman Park in tiny Graceville, Florida, by men who were equally grateful for being alive. Anything went. The game wasn't over until the last out had been recorded. They bought peanuts and popcorn and Crackerjacks. They didn't care if they ever got back.

The changes began with the Sixties, and it was inevitable that baseball would change with America. There were two lousy, inconclusive, frustrating little wars. There was rioting. There were assassinations. There was widespread affluence, bringing on a boredom and restlessness not seen since the Twenties, and as the Seventies came it was a heartsick nation grown weary and cynical. Nostalgia became the thing, and a couple of years ago I honestly believed that the game of baseball was on the brink of a genuine revival because of America's growing need for things that were pure and solid and

unchanging and even old-fashioned. I will go on believing that baseball could have filled that need for the despairing nation.

It didn't happen, though, and probably won't. Being just as American as people who repair mufflers, people who play baseball had also changed. They wanted more money and more leisure and better retirement benefits just like the other guy, and they were also growing weary and cynical and bored and restless along with their affluence. So they hired agents and began filming commercials and quit having fun on the field, and a lot of them even got too busy to spend time with wide-eyed kids in search of old-fashioned heroes. And then, almost predictably, they went out on strike.

I could not imagine worse timing when the major-league players' association chose to sit out the first week or so of the current season while their attorney debated the owners over the pension fund. The game was already in enough trouble, what with the antiseptic new stadiums and rampant expansion and footloose franchises and inflation and generally bland performances when compared to some of the other professional sports, and here they were acting like bloodless businessmen. And the complacent baseball fan finally became outraged.

That outrage continued once the season finally started. Letters poured into newspaper offices. Such former hometown heroes as Brooks Robinson and Pete Rose were booed at home. Attendance faltered. Was nothing sacred? In an age of protests and collective bargaining and cold business, did baseball also have to join in? Was this the ultimate demise of grand old American spirit?

Oh, well, at least the minor-leaguers hadn't had the opportunity to get sassy, not on their diets of hamburgers-and-fries in places like Pittsfield and Savannah and with their offseason jobs like driving ambulances. "Shoot, yeah, I'd play," said one farmhand when asked if he would mind being called a "scab" by his seniors. "You got any idea how tired I am of riding buses?" Now there, truly, was a young man with perspective.

The Sears Steel-Belted Radial.

Steel belts and radial design are the big reason this tire could go 71,000 highway miles and still look this good.

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66

OUT OF THE BUTTERFLY NET



BY VIC ZIEGEL



When Ollie Obscure watches a pro football game he is likely to point out: "That center is the only one in the league who knows what to do with a towel." At baseball games Ollie stares at the scoreboard until he can announce, "The Rangers just brought in Gogolewski." Ollie counts turnovers in pro basketball; at the racetrack he congratulates the starter if all the horses break in the same direction; he complains about the lack of Indians in attendance at lacrosse games and rates golfers by how far their sweaters ride up on the backswing.

There's a certain amount of Ollie Obscure, I suppose, in all of us. At boxing matches, I'm the worst Ollie I know. It's at the end of each round, when the fighter returns to his stool and the cornermen surround him, that I do my best looking and listening. For instance:

Trainer Lou Gross was working in Chicago with a boxer who used his glove to push back an impressive amount of hair. Since Gross is from the old school, where he was taught that gloves are used only for punching or blocking, he brought out scissors between rounds and cut his tiger's floppy mane.

Manager Al Braverman is one of the great one-minute innovators. If Braverman thinks a fighter isn't paying attention to instructions, he will simply pluck a hair out of the boxer's head.

There was the lightweight who made it back to his corner after a late round, rubberlegged, gasping, to hear manager Gil Clancy scream, "You only *think* you're tired! He's more tired than you are but you *think* you're more tired than him. You just got up and it's the start of the day. This is gonna

be the best round of your life. . . .

Of course, I have my favorite corner. Angelo Dundee is the trainer, Drew "Bundini" Brown is the charge d'affaires, and the fighter is the old a/k/a, Muhammad Ali. You must have caught their act. When Ali turns up at a press conference to meet his next worthy opponent, Bundini is the large man who wraps his arms around Ali's middle in all the photographs. If Bundini did not perform this step, Ali would destroy the other fighter right there and then, you can bet, because of some careless word or deed that disturbed Ali.

When he signed to meet George Chuvalo, the Canadian punctuated his best lines by pointing a finger at Ali. "Don't do that," Ali said, which was precisely why Chuvalo kept doing it. Finally, Ali said, "Black folks don't like white folks pointin' at them" and lunged at Chuvalo. Which was when Bundini pulled him back. And when Ali hollered, "Let me go, Bundini, let me go," the whispered answer from Bundini was, "Don't worry, champ, I won't let you go."

It was not a complete surprise, to those who have heard and been delighted by Bundini's jive, to find him playing a continuing role in the *Shaft* series. He was given a small part in the first *Shaft* film and then found more work in the recently released *Shaft's Big Score*. ("I play a bad guy, but a good bad-guy," Bundini sort of explains. "Like Rockefeller used to be Jesse James.")

Bundini as movie actor—despite a slash mark across his right cheek that will probably cost him romantic leads—is no more stunning than Bundini as confidante to a world champion. It is a rags-to-somewhere story. "I didn't have no mother or father," he says. "I was left on a doorstep with a note across my chest: 'Do the best you can with him.'" The best Bundini did for a long while was the Navy. ("I went around the world 21 times, washing dishes and looking out a porthole window.") He was a struggling member of Sugar Ray Robinson's entourage when Robinson's brother-in-law called. "Better come up here and meet somebody; it's something good for you," Bundini was told.

The meeting was with Cassius Clay, who was not yet a/k/a. "What do you think of me?" asked the young boxer, then in training for his first main event at Madison Square Garden. Bundini remembers sneering at Ali. "No man can predict the round and say that's when the knockout will be," Bundini let Ali know. "Only Babe Ruth. He could go to the hospital and tell that little boy he'd hit a home run for him."

Still, it was Bundini who was in the car with Clay when they drove to the Garden for the fight. The traffic was heavy—a large crowd was arriving to see this loudmouth kid—and a traffic cop wouldn't let Clay's driver stop in front of the Garden. Bundini jumped out of the car, told the cop: "Cassius Clay is in there and that's the reason you're here," and then ran to the corner to repeat the line to a police captain, who gave Bundini the parking space he was after. Clay, just 21, a Louisville stranger in the biggest city, laughed with Bundini when he returned to the car. "Man," Ali said then, "I want you with me."

He has been in that corner ever since. "Angelo, he can see it," Bundini says now. "He says the champ's getting more like me every day." And Dundee probably did say it. A cornerman will say anything.

ILLUSTRATION BY STAN MACK



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COLLEGE ATHLETE OF THE MONTH



DENISE HOOTEN, NYU

Eighteen-year-old Denise Hooten of New York University is representative of dual trends that have transformed athletics over the past decade. On the one hand, the slim, pretty 5-7 freshman from Orange, New Jersey, is a living rebuttal to stereotypes of muscle-girl athletes with imbalanced hormone counts. Then again, she does not conform to the antiquated image of athletes as mindless programmed automatons. At Orange High School, Denise's scholastic average was A-minus—equivalent to the 3.8 average she recorded after one semester at NYU's School of Education. And if grades were awarded for social conscience, she'd have earned a 4.0.

Denise, with two older sisters and a younger brother, grew up in a predominantly black, working-class neighborhood. "Since grammar school," she says, "I've always strived for excellence in whatever activity I've engaged in." That meant school, of course—and athletics. She played girls' basketball in grammar school and junior high, but by the time she entered high school her primary interest was track. Unfortunately, her high school didn't have a women's track team.

"My girl friend, Gail Fitzgerald, had gone to the national championships my sophomore year," Denise says. "The year before she had placed third in the quarter mile, but this year

she did very poorly. Gail decided the reason for it was poor coaching. Now, coaches from all over the country had been recruiting Gail—except for Freddy Thompson of the Atoms Track Club. He put no pressure on her at all—and Gail decided there was something *right* about his attitude. So she joined, and so did I."

Belonging to the Atoms required dedication. "After school every day I had to attend activities sponsored by the high school Girls' Athletic Association. (Denise was president during her junior and senior years.) Then I would rush home, change my clothes, catch a bus downtown, catch the subway from Newark to New York City, then another one to wherever the team was meeting. After practice, I returned home, showered, ate—and then I had to stay up and do my homework." What motivated her? "When you're a member of the Atoms," she says, "there's a lot of togetherness. The girls and the coach, Mr. Thompson, look after you, not just as far as athletics goes, but in your personal life, too."

Denise maintained her A-minus grade average, and the effort and time spent with the Atoms began to pay dividends in 1970, when she was a member of the Atoms' medley-relay and sprint-relay teams that won AAU championships.

It also paid off in social awareness. From junior high on, Denise had been exposed to a world beyond track and the classroom. As the president of Student Council in junior high, during school holidays she had led groups of classmates to the orphan's shelter at Bellevue Hospital in New York City. And last summer her expertise in track brought her a job as Recreational Leader for the Essex County, New Jersey, Park Commission, counseling (for \$1.50 per hour) deprived black kids at Newark's West Side park. In the morning there was Ping Pong, basketball and volleyball. "In the afternoon," she says, "I coached both the boys and girls in track. Most of the kids responded well to the program," she says. "For the first time in their lives they could see their efforts producing some kind of accomplishments. And in the ghetto," she adds, "accomplishments are hard to come by."

Working with these kids, some of whom were counting on athletic scholarships to finance college educations, she observed a new mentality. "Oftentimes coaches offer black students athletic scholarships and the only thing they're interested in is the student's athletic ability," she says. "And all they do is exploit this ability, while caring nothing for the student himself. Not only are the kids growing up aware of this now, so are the coaches. Now, a halfway decent high school coach will steer a student to a school where the coach is sure the student will receive not only good athletic training, but a good education—and a *degree*!"

Denise plans to take her degree in Physical Therapy back with her into the ghettos of Orange or Newark. "Black communities desperately need professions like physical therapist," she says. Meanwhile, she's trying to squeeze excess seconds off her time for the quarter mile, preparing for the national championships, and then the U.S. Olympic trials. "Everyone says I have the talent to make the Olympic team," she says. "The only problem is convincing myself they're right."

Even a lowly (for Denise) B in self-confidence, coupled to her innate intelligence and ability, should be good enough to get her past that Olympic exam.

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LETTERS TO SPORT

MISPLACED MAYHEM

Marty Ralbovsky's article, "Violence in Basketball" (May) left much to be desired. Most of the statements made since that night have come from people who were not there. How can they talk so when all they see is a part of the action and none of the provocation? None of it would have taken place had the officiating been adequate and if Witte's flagrant use of his elbows had been restrained.

And why quote the obviously biased opinion of Dr. Witte? Many parents are so willing to excuse flagrant action by their children and place blame elsewhere. Those Minnesota players accused were more than adequately punished for their actions. If the discussion continues please get all views and not simply a biased opinion.

Tim Riffe
Shakopee, Minn.

"Violence in Basketball" (May) was one of the best articles I have ever read. Many questions were answered for me in the reading of it. I want to congratulate Marty Ralbovsky on a great story.

Steve Cobb
Eaton, Ohio

WHAT THEY'RE SAYING NOW!

Congratulations to Jim O'Brien on his article "Why They Say Such Terrible Things About Charlie Scott" (May). Scott is one of the greatest basketball players in the game. He has now left our area but I'm proud to say that he played for the Virginia Squires for two complete seasons. Scott may not have turned a team around like an Artis Gilmore but he gave a greater contribution to a good team than can ever be measured. The fans of Virginia have indeed lost a superstar!

Allen Fears
Virginia Beach, Va.

K.C. KING

Gary Warner certainly deserves con-

gratulations for his super-story "Get Me a Date with Ed Podolak" (May). It really brought out the complete man. I believe he is truly an underrated ball-player who is worthy of a story like this in your magazine. Ed Podolak is the "King of Kansas City."

Curt Wright
Erlanger, Ky.

PAPPAS IN PASSING

Edwin Kiester's article "What Allen and Robinson Will Do for Their New Teams" (May) seems a bit inaccurate and a bit unfair to me. In describing the trade that sent Frank Robinson from Cincinnati to Baltimore in 1965, Kiester said Robinson was "swapped off for three soon-to-be-forgotten pitchers."

First of all the facts: The trade was Robinson for pitchers Milt Pappas, Jack Baldschun and outfielder Dick Simpson. And second, soon-to-be-forgotten seems a harsh label for Pappas. Coming off the best year of his career Pappas started this season with 185 career wins. There are only two pitchers still active with more victories than that—Bob Gibson and Juan Marichal. There have been only 32 pitchers in the history of the game who have pitched more shutouts than Pappas. So, OK—it was a bad trade for Cincinnati. But don't make it appear worse than it was by bad-mouthing a reputable player like Pappas.

Charlie Wanninger
Joliet, Ill.

THE HULL OF FAME

Being an avid Bobby Hull fan, I feel deeply indebted to John Devaney for his superb article on hockey's Golden Jet ("The 15 Years of Bobby Hull," May). In the 12 years that I've been following Bobby Hull's career, much has been written about the man's super-human strength, his blistering slap shot and his great speed on skates. However, reference to Bobby Hull the man, as opposed to Bobby Hull the hockey star, has been conspicuously negligible until Mr. Devaney's article.

It is an article such as this that sets your magazine head and shoulders above all the rest.

Ralph M. Cappel
Brooklyn, N.Y.

WOMEN

The attitude the editors have taken in writing the editorial concerning "Women in Sports" (May) is indeed a sad note. The coverage of women in your fine magazine has been in accordance with the importance of the particular woman athlete and the scope of her achievements. It is true that there are a number of women who are sports fans, but it is also true that their interests are in the male athletes, not the female! I'm sure more women would rather watch Joe Namath throw a pass than see Billie Jean King smash a backhand.

It is also a shame that the Campus Queen Contest should be discontinued. It gave SPORT another aspect. Yes, the magazine is directed toward athletes and their lives, but the girls still are regarded as women, secondarily as athletes. You have indeed chalked one up for Betty Friedan and her Women's Lib advocates and you have dismayed many loyal followers of your magazine.

Rich Olson
Appalachian State U.
Boone, N.C.

We'd like to commend you on your principled stand with regard to the issue of women in sports (Time Out, May), especially in view of the economic pressures on you to not move in this direction. Time and again, we tell people that on issues involving social awareness, your magazine is far ahead of any other sport publication in the country. Your stand on the women's issue once again proves our point.

Micki Scott, Director
Institute for the Study
of Sport and Society

Jack Scott, Athletic
Director and Chairman
Dept. of Physical Education
Oberlin College

I regret that you've terminated your Campus Queen Contest (Time Out, May) "with some sadness" rather than with pride and pleasure. However, I do think it marvelous that you've taken positive action to back up how you feel instead of merely jumping on the currently chic women-as-real-people bandwagon of words. Respectful congratulations on a first step.

Glenda Rand
Los Angeles, Cal.

If a lot of people read this label, a lot of cars will be using this remarkable new motor oil.

"10W" means Shell Super X flows freely even when your car's engine is *ice cold*. Result: light work for the battery (for snappier starts); quick oil circulation (to protect engine parts and help control wear); low engine drag (this can save on gas).

"Exceeds all automotive manufacturer requirements" means Shell Super X provides excellent lubrication for *all* domestic and foreign passenger cars—no matter how you drive, where you drive, when you drive. Recommended for use where SAE 10W, 20W, 20, 30, 40 or 50 grade oil or any multi-graded combination is recommended.



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Seeking to eliminate restricting slots and lanes. One that doesn't run on potentially dangerous electricity. Nor requires having to constantly replace batteries.

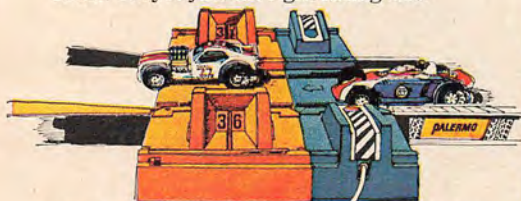
A system that is simple enough for a

youngster to appreciate. Yet sophisticated enough to satisfy an adult racing enthusiast.

Now Ideal has finally put all the pieces together. Class A: Open Track Racing. The ultimate in home racing. No slots. No lanes. No batteries. No electricity. Just true racing realism. A system so revolutionary, the model car racing field will never be the same again.

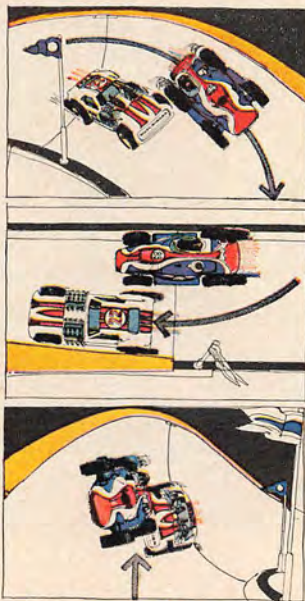


The Turbo-Torque Cars. Powered by the revolutionary new Turbo-Torque™ "383" drive mechanism. They're mean looking machines—and plenty rugged. They have to be to withstand the speed and shock of the competition. They're Class A scale. Not too big. Not too small. They're just the right racing size.



The Lap Counter. Ticks off the remaining laps for each car. From ninety-nine laps down to zero. At the finish of the race a checkered flag pops-up signifying the winner.

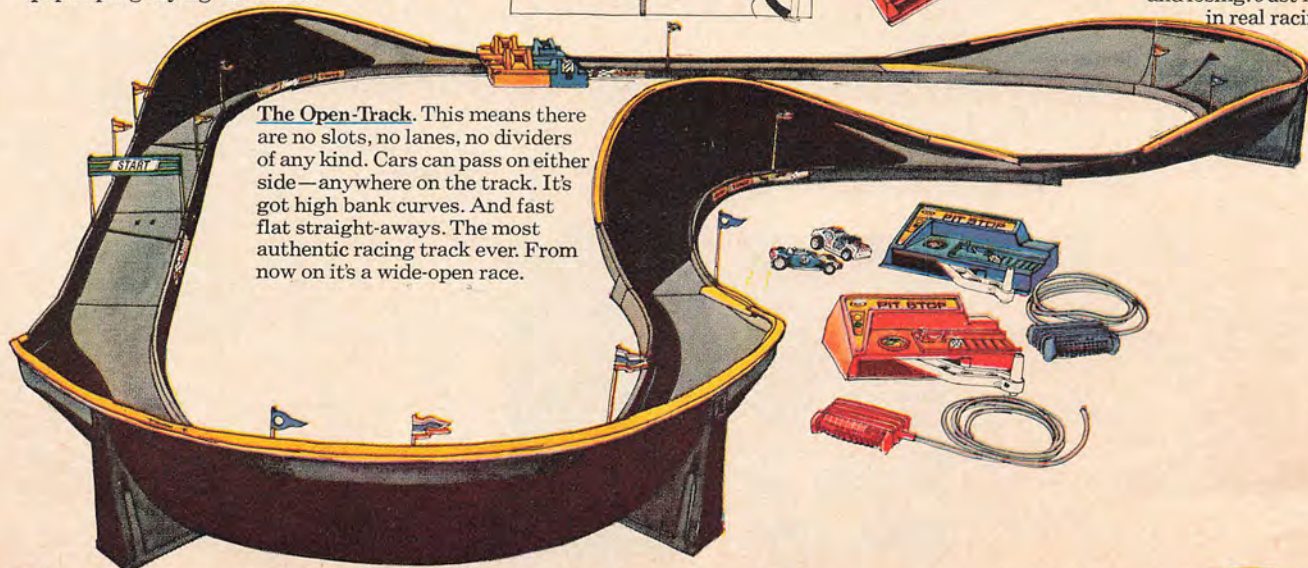
The Controls. Pistol-grip hand controls call for split-second timing. Hit it right and the car will maintain maximum speed. Cars can pass on the right or left, bump, or sideswipe. Just like in real racing.



The Pit-Stop. The heart of the Class A system. Class A Turbo-Torque cars don't run on batteries or electricity. But they must make pit stops to pick up power. You decide when to pull into the pit. If you're fast you can be back on the track in 6 seconds. This can mean the difference between winning and losing. Just like in real racing.

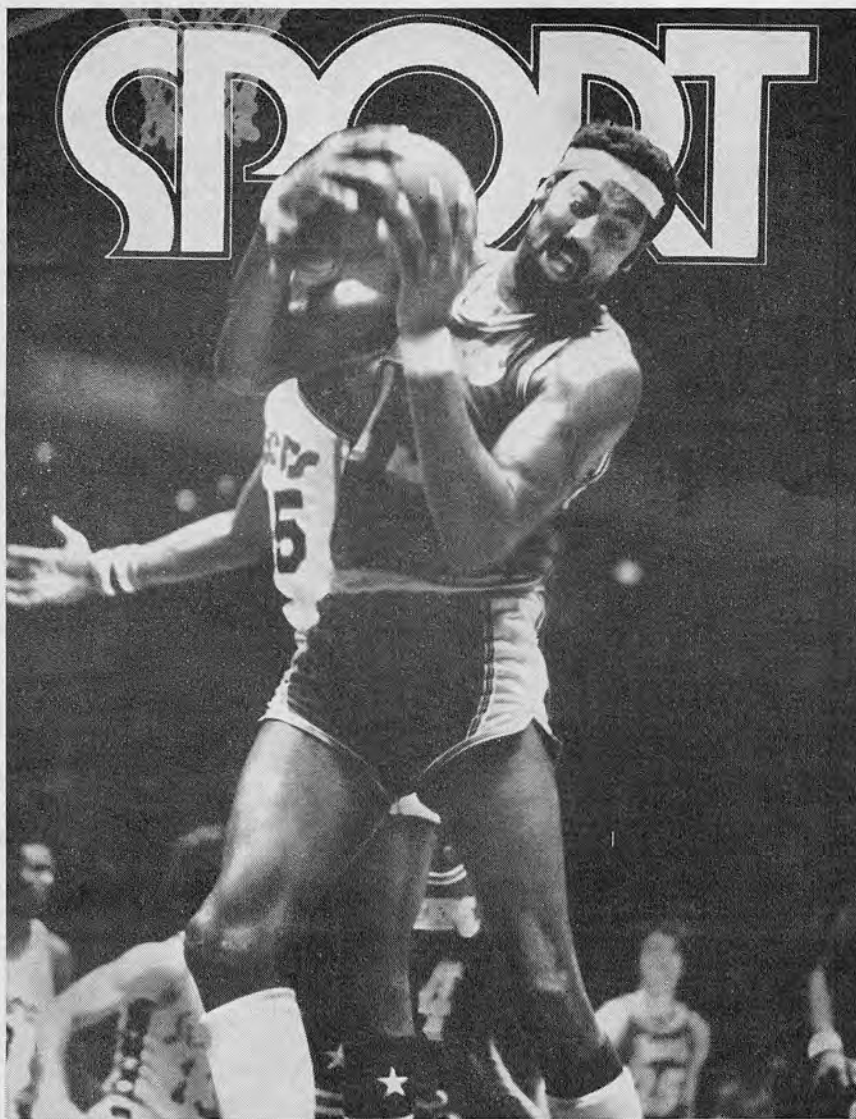


The Open-Track. This means there are no slots, no lanes, no dividers of any kind. Cars can pass on either side—anywhere on the track. It's got high bank curves. And fast flat straight-aways. The most authentic racing track ever. From now on it's a wide-open race.



Class A: a whole new concept in model car competition.





WILT WINS NBA DODGE CHARGER

Wilt Chamberlain, winner of a new Dodge Charger as SPORT's Most Valuable Player of the NBA playoff finals. Wilt, who perhaps more than any pro athlete ever had been blamed for his teams not winning the championship, is the principal reason the champion Lakers are the winningest pro basketball team in history.

Many thought that the NBA championship was already decided in the semifinal round when the Lakers defeated the 1970-71 champions, the Milwaukee Bucks. Then came a near perfect performance by the New York Knicks in the first game of the finals at the Los Angeles Forum. With 6-8 center Jerry Lucas hitting bombs from the out-

side, the Knicks won easily, 114-92. And the whispers were heard again: Neither the Lakers nor Wilt can win the big ones. But in the second game Wilt did what the critics used to maintain he couldn't do. He adapted his style of play to the team's needs, roaming away from the boards to defend against Lucas, yet continuing to dominate the middle and prevent drives. And he went to the basket, scoring 23 points as the Lakers won, 106-92.

It was the same story in the next two games, Wilt dominating and the Lakers winning. The Dipper even made crucial free throws in the fourth game, which Los Angeles won in overtime. Then, the day before the fifth game, the word got

out that Wilt had a sprained wrist and might not be able to play. That could have been enough to turn the series around. But as the fifth game began, Wilt was there. He didn't leave until a minute before the end, and he left with 29 rebounds, 24 points, ten blocked shots and an NBA championship.

The statistics reveal part of the reason SPORT selected Wilt as Most Valuable Player. He led in rebounding, averaging 23.2 per game, scored 19.4 points a game and, despite his 35 years and his injuries, led both teams in time on the court, averaging 47.2 minutes a game. But even beyond these figures, Wilt dominated the series, mainly by his ferocious determination to win.



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(Continued from page 44)

congratulating me. I began feeling about ten feet tall and really proud of myself."

Brooks Robinson brought Jenkins down to earth in the next inning. "He hit one of my sliders for a home run and the game went on for 15 innings," Jenkins remembered. "By the time Tony Perez hit the home run to end it, everybody had forgotten about my pitch to Robinson but they remembered my six strikeouts (that tied an All-Star game record). Most of all, though, I remembered Mantle and how good I felt striking him out."

Harmon Killebrew

The year was 1959 when Killebrew was selected for the first time, then as the American League's starting third baseman.

"The game was in Pittsburgh," Killebrew said, "and I was playing for Washington at the time. It was a short trip so I decided to take my wife along on the plane. I remember Roy Sievers of the Senators also was going."

"It was a real nice day when we boarded that plane in Washington but once we were airborne we began bouncing up and down. It was one of the roughest plane trips I've ever made. My wife was sick and I was, too, but I didn't tell her."

"Anyhow, it became rougher and rougher. And one man got up and started walking up and down the aisle trying to calm everyone down. It was Vice-President Nixon. He was on his way to the game, too, along with John Mitchell, who became the President's Attorney General. And he was telling everybody to relax and to put their heads down and to just sit back and take it easy for everything was going to be all right."

"That incident always stuck out with me because it was my first All-Star game and because of the way the Vice President handled the situation. I don't remember exactly what I did in the game, but I know I didn't get a hit." Right. Killebrew was hitless in that game, but he went on from there to hit a home run in the 1961 game, another in '65 and a monster last year at Detroit. Overall, through 1971 Harmon was selected 11 times, hitting for a .308 average and knocking in six runs.

Juan Marichal

To Juan Marichal, the All-Star game's premier pitcher of the last decade, simply being chosen to play in the game has meant more than anything else. "It has been an honor to be selected all these years," Marichal said, "and fortunately I've always done well."

He has. Marichal has pitched eight games since his All-Star debut in Washington in 1962, twice as a starter. In 18 innings he has given up just four hits and only one earned run—a phenomenal record of consistency that few pitchers in All-Star history can match. Twice, in 1962's first game and 1964, he has been the winning pitcher and in 1965 he was the game's MVP.

"My first game in Washington was a big thrill for that was the very first time I had ever pitched in the United States capital," Marichal said. "That meant a lot for me, coming from the Dominican Republic. But so did 1965 at Minnesota when the writers selected me MVP. It is hard to tell you how I felt being from the Dominican and the writers selecting me MVP." Marichal started for the National League in 1965 and gave up a scratch infield single in three innings while his teammates were scoring five runs.

Willie Mays

Of all the active superstars, none has been so consistently brilliant in All-Star play as Willie Mays. In almost every one of the 24 games he has participated in, Willie has been involved in clutch, run-scoring situations, frequently delivering the game-winning hit or scoring the winning run. His achievements are even more stunning considering that he has usually been the National's leadoff batter.

The 1968 game at Houston's Astrodome was typical Mays. He led off the first inning with a single to left off Cleveland's Luis Tiant, advanced to second when Tiant threw wild in an attempted pickoff, moved to third on a wild pitch and scored on teammate Willie McCovey's doubleplay ball. That run was all the National League needed for a 1-0 victory, and it earned Mays his second All-Star game MVP honor.

But to Mays, the Houston game

was just another moment in his long, eventful career. The game he remembers best was 1954 in Cleveland.

"That was my first All-Star Game," he recalled, "and you can't imagine how nervous I was. I broke into the majors in 1951 but had spent '52 and '53 in the service so this was almost like being a rookie again. I was more nervous in that game than in any other game I've been in."

"I was so young, and here I was in the same clubhouse with guys like Duke Snider and Roy Campanella and Stan Musial. And being around the batting cage and dugout with Ted Williams and Larry Doby. These were players I had idolized and here I was playing with them."

Mays didn't enter the game until the fifth inning when he replaced Jackie Robinson in the outfield with the National League leading, 5-4. By the time he led off the sixth inning, the score was tied 7-7 and he flied deep to Ted Williams in leftfield.

But with one down in the eighth and the Americans ahead, 8-7, Mays singled off Chicago's Bob Keegan and scored moments later on Gus Bell's pinch-hit homer. (The American League, however, went on to win, 11-9.)

"I remember making a catch against the fence to save a possible run," Mays recalled, "but I can't remember who was hitting. (It was Ray Boone and the catch came with the bases loaded and two out in the sixth.) And I remember being 1-for-2."

"You know, I had my best game in Cleveland, too. That was in 1963, when I hit fourth for one of the few times. I drove in two runs, stole two bases, scored a couple of times and made another catch deep in centerfield to save another run. (He won the MVP that year as the National League won, 5-3.) But the one I remember most was 1954 when I first played against so many great ballplayers."

Brooks Robinson

If an official All-Time All-Star game team is ever chosen, Baltimore's Brooks Robinson would have to be a unanimous selection at third base. Already the holder of six All-Star fielding records, Robinson also has a .361 batting average (13 hits for 36 at-bats) that is the best among all of the active (Continued on page 34)

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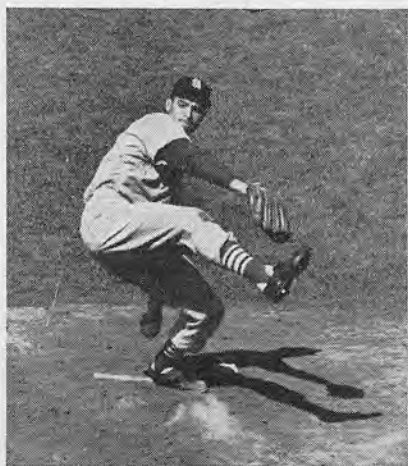
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But *underneath* the lather, the gel's lubrication is still on your skin gliding the razor for a smoother, closer shave.



"VINEGAR BEND" MIZELL

...WHERE HAVE YOU GONE?



"You'd be surprised how many similarities there are between the political life and a pro baseball career. When I look at the major leagues, I see men who had to be very competitive, and really dedicated to developing the talents that they have. They're a select group. And so it is with the men I meet here in Congress. It's very competitive trying to win a seat and then you have to conduct yourself in an admirable way to retain the confidence of the public. And one other comparison, too. The Speaker of the House is a very tough umpire."

These are the words of Congressman Wilmer Mizell, Republican from North Carolina, a man who has experienced both sides of the analogy firsthand. For in a previous incarnation he was "Vinegar Bend" Mizell, a fastballing left-hander from down-Alabama-way who turned in several solid seasons for the St. Louis Cardinals before moving to the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1960. He won 13 games that year to aid their drive to the National League pennant. So to him the newly emphasized alliance between politicians and superathletes (see page

48) is a natural enough occurrence. "We've seen through the years that politicians try to become identified with celebrities," notes Representative Mizell. "And today the athlete is quite different from those several years ago. He's pretty astute, pretty observant, and he handles himself well on his feet."

The Congressman, his wife and two ballplaying sons live in Washington, D.C., most of the year and his district is the Winston-Salem area of North Carolina. Mizell doesn't get much chance to play ball or golf (his new passion), so the annual Congressional game between the Democrats and Republicans has become a welcome retreat for him. And playing in them gave the legislator a lesson in the peculiar American governing system of checks and balances. "The two games that I've played in we've won," he reports. "They let me pitch the first year and I struck out six. Then they (the Democrats) passed a resolution that said I couldn't pitch any more. But they checked my batting average and said I could play anywhere else in the field."

INSIDE FACTS

BY ALLAN ROTH

Baseball's best defensive players aren't necessarily league leaders in fielding percentage, but sometimes the two do go together. . . . Brooks Robinson, considered the best defensive third baseman in baseball history, has won more fielding titles than any active player, nine, a major-league record for his position. . . . Robinson has been honored as the best fielding third baseman in the AL in each of the last 12 seasons, winning the *Sporting News* Gold Glove Award. (In recent years the league's managers and coaches have voted for the Gold Glove winners.)

Willie Mays is the only other player who has been picked on the All-Star

fielding team 12 times (from 1957 through 1968). . . . Roberto Clemente has been one of the three NL outfielders on the All-Star fielding team for the last 11 seasons, from 1961. . . . Neither Mays nor Clemente has ever led the NL in fielding percentage. . . . There have been two ten-time Gold Glove winners since the awards were started in 1957: Outfielder Al Kaline (whose last award was in 1967) and pitcher Jim Kaat (winner in each of last ten years).

Luis Aparicio and Wes Parker, like Brooks Robinson, are players who have excelled in fielding percentage and have also been consistent All-Star fielding winners. . . . Aparicio has led the AL shortstops in fielding percentage eight times (sharing the major-league record for that position), and he has been picked as an All-Star fielder nine times. . . . Parker has led the NL first basemen in fielding percentage four

times, and he has been a Gold Glove winner in each of the last five seasons.

Outfielder Tommie Agee is the only player ever to win All-Star fielding honors in both leagues, in the AL for the White Sox in 1966, and in the NL for the Mets in 1970. . . . Leo Cardenas and Cookie Rojas are the only active players who have won fielding percentage honors in both leagues. . . . Cardenas led the NL shortstops in 1963 and 1966, and the AL in 1971. . . . Rojas led the NL second basemen in 1968 and the AL in 1971.

Rico Petrocelli is the only active player who has led in fielding percentage at two different positions, leading the AL shortstops in 1968 and 1969, and the third basemen in 1971, his first full year at that position.

Tommy Helms and Bobby Bonds were the only 1971 fielding percentage leaders who were selected on the *Sporting News* All-Star fielding team.

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(Continued from page 30)

American League veterans. His three triples tie him with Willie Mays for another record. Perhaps his best game was in 1966 at St. Louis' Busch Stadium when he was the game's MVP, getting three of his team's six hits and scoring the only American run in a 2-1 tenth inning defeat. Yet that is not his most memorable All-Star moment.

"I'll never forget my first All-Star game in 1960, but it wasn't the game I remember most. That was one of those years we were playing two games and we were all going on a chartered plane from Kansas City to New York for the second game. Ted Williams, who was still playing, was talking to Lou Fonseca and others about hitting. They were talking about things I'd never even thought about as a hitter and it was a real education. I mean they were talking over my head and some of the stuff they said I still don't understand.

"But I remember Williams saying to watch this type of fastball and that one and how the slider breaks 59 feet from the pitcher and all that. They were telling Nellie Fox he would hit better standing up in the box rather than way in the back and I just sat there wide-eyed and listening to them for hours."

(Amazingly, Ted Williams also remembers the airborne conversation with Fonseca and the advice they gave Fox. "Nellie said he had a logical reason for standing back in the box since he was a low-ball hitter," Williams recalled.)

But it is ironic, in retrospect, that Brooks Robinson does not recall what happened after the plane arrived in New York. In the seventh inning of that 1960 game at Yankee Stadium, Ted Williams made his farewell All-Star Game appearance with a pinch-hit single. As Williams trotted off the field to the roar of an admiring crowd, Brooks Robinson took his place as a pinch-runner at first base.

"I don't remember that," Robinson said, "but that makes me feel pretty good. Heck, maybe that plane conversation was an omen."

Red Schoendienst

In ten years as an All-Star player (1946-57) and twice as the National League's manager (1968-69), one moment has always stood out for St.

Louis' Red Schoendienst. "Nothing ever topped 1950 when I hit the home run at Comiskey Park that won the game in the 14th inning," he recalled.

It was the first time an All-Star game had gone into extra innings. Brooklyn's Jackie Robinson was the starter at second base that day and Schoendienst, though a starter in the 1946 and 1948 games, did not think he was going to play.

"Dick Sisler, Johnny Wyrostek, Ewell Blackwell and I were kidding around before the game about being on the bench," Schoendienst said. "I told them if I got in I was going to hit a home run. Sisler laughed and said if I could hit a home run so could he. Everybody knew I wasn't much of a power hitter and Sisler said, 'Look, if we both get in, I'll bet I hit two to your one.' We all laughed and Blackwell, who didn't think he'd play either, said, 'If you guys get in there, I'll probably win it.'"

For a time it seemed none of them would play. But in the sixth, Sisler pinch-hit for Don Newcombe and singled. After Ralph Kiner homered in the ninth to tie the score, Wyrostek batted for Robinson in the 11th and flied out and Blackwell came on to pitch in the 12th.

Then Schoendienst entered the game and led off the 14th against the American League's new pitcher, Ted Gray.

"As I was going up to the plate," Red recalled, "Walker Cooper reminded me of what I had said before the game about hitting a home run. I was batting righthanded and I remember getting a solid piece of the ball but that was about all."

Schoendienst parked it into the leftfield seats and the National League went on to win 4-3 with Blackwell getting credit for the pitching victory.

Ted Williams

Probably the most dramatic moment in All-Star Game history was Ted Williams' towering ninth inning home run in Detroit in 1941. And no one remembers it better than Williams.

"I've always said that was my greatest thrill in baseball," said Williams, the Hall-of-Fame legend whose playing career spanned three decades.

The situation was ripe for such a

historic event. The National League led 5-2 going into the last of the ninth when the Americans rallied. By the time Williams came to bat with two out, the Americans had scored once and had runners Cecil Travis at third and Joe DiMaggio at first.

Williams, then a gangling 23-year-old, had been called out on strikes with a runner at second in the eighth inning and once again he was facing Chicago's Claude Passeau.

"I remember the moment so vividly," Williams said 30 years later. "I was not really thinking of hitting a home run but just hitting the ball hard. Passeau was a pretty damn good pitcher and he was throwing hard that day. It was kind of like a sliding fastball and moved in on me pretty well. I remember thinking to myself that I'd have to get around quicker and I think there were two balls and a strike when he threw another slider. I was quicker and caught the ball solid."

"I was pretty sure it was a home run as soon as I hit it. But the wind was blowing in from left and as I looked up I saw the ball starting to curve. I remember thinking, 'Oh, no, don't let it go foul,' but it was fair by 30-40 feet."

However, when reviving All-Star game memories, Williams doesn't hesitate to include the tragic moment in the 1950 game when he crashed into the leftfield fence while making a catch on Ralph Kiner in the first inning. Although he stayed in the game for nine innings (and drove in one run with a single) he later learned he had fractured his left elbow. He missed the rest of the season, then spent the next three years out of baseball as a jet pilot in Korea.

"That 1950 game was the toughest break of my career," he recalled. "I know I spent those years in the service but I was never quite the same after injuring my elbow in '50. When I came back I still led the American League in hitting but I never hit with authority again."

"But I have no regrets about playing in that All-Star game. I believe the All-Star game is a great spectacle and good for baseball. Players should take pride in being there. I mean, there you are playing with and against the best of your peers, facing the best pitchers the other league can offer and watching the best hitters in baseball. If you play ball for a living, what more could you ask." ■



"What's happening?"

La Vonne Preston and her husband Ronald have lived in Watts all their lives. So has their son, Oriale Ali, but he's only three.

"Well, no it hasn't changed much," says La Vonne.

"That's part of the problem.

"But, you see, all our friends

and family are here. So while you're talking about Watts, I'm talking about home. And I have some really good feelings about home.

"We have two cars. This little Toyota takes me all over. It's a great little car. Runs and runs. And these Toyota people take

real good care of it.

"I guess they're the ones who put the Champion Spark Plugs in it."



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20 million people have switched to Champion Spark Plugs.

(Continued from page 69)

Phoenix takes some doing. The new Phoenix park is only slightly smaller than Yellowstone. To hit a home run, the ball has to travel 360 feet at the foul lines, and considerably farther around the rim of the outfield fence. The fence is higher than the Berlin Wall; a man would get a nose-bleed just sitting on its top. A desert wind blows in most of the time. But Kingman is one of those phenomenally strong athletes. He looks skinny, but when his brief batting stroke connects, the baseball explodes. They will be measuring his home runs a long long time and a long long distance. At Phoenix, his general manager Rosy Ryan said of Kingman: "He turns that wind around."

For whatever it's worth, Kingman was on his way to setting a Phoenix home run record.

Not quite. What he was on his way to a few hours after that 26th home run on July 29 was San Francisco, and a major-league debut with the parent Giants.

His plane from Spokane arrived late. He got to the ballpark in time to rush onto the field for the National Anthem. Then he found a seat on the bench, figuring that's where he'd be for a week or so, until he'd learned his way around. Around the bench, that is.

After all, he was just a kid. He'd hit but .278 at Phoenix. He'd struck out a lot. He wasn't the most polished outfielder in the world, and when he played first base he posed no threat to Hal Chase or even Charley Fox. But another Charley, Charley Fox, is a leprechaun, a magician. He does things with less talent than any manager in the game. He practices the power of positive winking. He winks away errors, he blinks away disasters.

Let us jump about a bit. Before that last game of spring training for the Giants in Palm Springs, on March 30 of this year, Dave Kingman went through his usual chores. Coach Joe Amalfitano hit dozens of groundballs his way, and Kingman gloved them and threw them in the general direction of first base, where manager Charley Fox had donned a mitt. One throw would fly ten feet over Fox's head. The next would bounce ten feet in front and five feet to the side. A third would dip and curve like a Marichal screwball. But eventually one throw came in hard and true, and Charley Fox caught it and chirped across the

infield to Dave Kingman: "You are a thing of beauty!"

Maybe that is how Charley Fox does it. Blarney baseball.

So the day Kingman joined the Giants, on July 30, 1971, Fox removed an aching Willie McCovey in a late inning, and let Kingman play a few innings and have one time at bat. Kingman popped to second base, which did nothing except break the ice. And the next day Kingman was the starting first baseman.

"You've got to hand it to Charley Fox," says Kingman today. "He doesn't mind starting young players."

That second day, Bobby Bonds reached third, Tito Fuentes reached second and righthander Dave Giusti, the Pirate palmballing relief ace, found himself facing lefthanded hitting Ken Henderson. Giusti walked Henderson on purpose, to work on righthanded Dave Kingman. With the bases loaded, Giusti threw Kingman a palmball, his famous out pitch, and that's what Kingman did. He hit it out, for a grand slam home run. He also hit a double for another run, and the Giants won, 15-11. Without Kingman's five runs, the Giants would have lost, 11-10, and since the Giants ended up beating the Dodgers by a single game, you might say Dave Kingman's first start won the division title for his club.

That is how Dave Kingman broke in. The next day he hit two home runs off Dock Ellis. Kingman does not know the reason for the binge. He will not dig deeply into his feelings, because they are *his* feelings, and he keeps a distance between himself and the probing reporter.

So when you ask how he felt those first days in the majors, you get the clichés. "I was on Cloud Nine," he says of his grand slam. Of the next two home runs, he says, "The adrenal glands were running. You see the ball real well. Something seems to happen."

Dave Kingman is indeed a thing of beauty. Although not until he hits the ball. He bends over crablike, his legs wide planted. It looks uncomfortable, but you don't judge a hitter by his stance, as Al Simmons or Stan Musial could have told you. Kingman takes a short step with his front foot, but not until the ball has been released. His problem has been unloading too quickly. So he keeps the front foot still until the ball is in on him, and then he strides briefly and explodes.

And the crablike stance changes as he brings his whole body into the ball. It reminds you of Mantle and Killebrew, the way the ball jets off his bat.

Pitchers didn't know what to throw him. Today they throw him offspeed pitches. Then, they threw him the extra-base pitch. Kingman had four home runs, two doubles and a triple before he hit his first major-league single, in his tenth game. At the end of the 1971 season, he had 32 hits in 41 games with the Giants and 18 of them were for extra bases—ten doubles, two triples, and six home runs. It is silly to speak of his slugging average on a month-plus of play, but let's be silly. Kingman slugged at a .557 clip. Joe Torre, third best in the league, had a .555. Kingman may be on his way to astonishing slugging figures, even if he never hits for average. And for all this talk about not hitting for average, Kingman did bat .278 in those 41 games.

Kingman did it under terrible pressure, and he did it despite that appendectomy.

On August 31, in a 9-0 win over Atlanta, Kingman had himself two singles and a double. The next morning, he says, "I woke with a gut ache. It got worse. I went to the park and took batting practice, but I could hardly stand. Finally I told Charley Fox I couldn't make it."

Fox rushed Dave to the hospital. Kingman's diseased appendix was out before the game was over.

In another season, he might have sat out the remainder of the year. But this wasn't another season. The day after Kingman's appendectomy, McCovey cut his left hand fielding a groundball, and took eight stitches. Dick Dietz placed his head in the way of a Jack Billingham fastball and was honored with 13 stitches. The team was sick, tired, tense, and the Dodgers were crawling up their back. The Giants lost seven straight.

So on September 13, after missing 11 games, Kingman returned. "I was feeling very weak," he says. He hammered a single, double and triple. He had a double the next day; he had a double the next day. On September 19, the team won for only the third time in 14 games, and Kingman had two of the Giants' six hits. He also stole a base. Suddenly he had become more than another big bat in the lineup. For years the Giants have had big bats. But nobody had given them the inspirational lift clubs need.

Then came Dave Kingman. He peaked on the last day of the season, catching hold of a Dave Roberts pitch and sending it toward the left-field wall in San Diego. He thought, "I haven't hit it well enough to go out," but then he saw the umpire give the home run sign, and his mind flashed, "That's the one that beats the Dodgers."

If Dave Kingman hadn't won the division title with that first grand slam home run and five RBIs against Pittsburgh, he won it on this last night against San Diego.

Charley Fox's great smiling brain went to work. Where to play the boy. Not the outfield, with Mays, Bonds and Henderson healthy. Not first, with McCovey ditto. Nothing was left except third base, where Alan Gallagher gives it a good try—they don't call him Dirty Al for nothing—but he may never hit for average and he will not hit for power. So a reporter told Kingman during the 1971 stretch drive: "You will be the Giant third baseman in 1972," and Kingman didn't know for sure, but he also didn't not know for sure.

Dave Kingman is versatile. Versatile is a word often used for athletes who can't do anything well, but who scramble about and holler a lot. Jocks of all trades who get traded a lot. Kingman is also versatile, but he brings in something extra, and that is size, strength and that short sweet stroke. He's always had it, even when he was a pitcher, which is what he was all his youth.

His youth began in Pendleton, in the northeast corner of Oregon, but before Kingman could build any memories of the town, the Kingmans moved to Denver, then Los Angeles, then Chicago.

In suburban Chicago, Kingman pitched high school ball and began wearing contact lenses. He says the correction is "very slight." The California Angels drafted him as a pitcher after high school, but Kingman is a young man with a mind of his own. "I wasn't ready to sign a pro contract," he explains. "I wanted to go to the best baseball school in the country—USC."

At USC he pitched, and when he didn't pitch, he played the outfield or first. One season he compiled a 11-4 mark, with a 1.38 ERA. But his coach, Rod Dedeaux, suspected the boy's future lay in his bat.

After USC, the Giants tapped King-



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We only have two fountains. But folks could be working at the farthest warehouse and still find an excuse for getting by one of them. So, we know it's good for drinking. We also know it's good for Jack Daniel's. You see, it runs at 56° year-round, and it's completely iron-free. (Iron is murderous to whiskey; a nail dropped in a barrel would ruin every drop.) A sip of our whiskey, we feel, will tell you why we all appreciate our spring.



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DROP



BY DROP

Rating th

In tests by two of Europe's leading motor magazines, steel-belted

1969: Auto Motor und Sport Magazine

1 ST	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
2 ND	Michelin XAS	(Steel)
3 RD	Phoenix Sen.	(Fabric)
4 TH	Metzeler Monza	(Fabric)
5 TH	Fulda P 23	(Fabric)

These tests included: handling on curves, steering exactness on a zig-zag slalom course, braking distance and behavior, acceleration and skid resistance on a wet circular track, comfort and wear. In addition, Auto Motor und

1970: Auto Motor und Sport Magazine

1 ST	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
2 ND	Pirelli CN 36	(Steel)
3 RD	Michelin zX	(Steel)
4 TH	Kleber V 10	(Fabric)
5 TH	Semperit	(Fabric)
6 TH	Dunlop SP 68	(Fabric)

Sport included a test for tire noise in '69, winter suit-

Although radial tires are big news in the U.S. today, they have been widely used in Europe—and increasingly preferred—for the past fifteen years.

To a European motorist, the question today is not whether to get a radial, but what kind of a radial to get.

To help answer that question, two of Europe's leading motoring magazines—"Auto Motor und Sport" and "Auto Zeitung"—conducted exhaustive track tests of the most famous European radial tires. (Test criteria are described above.)

The results show that steel-belted radials as a group received higher overall ratings than fabric-belted radials, winning both first and second places

in 1969, 1970 and 1971. They did not, of course, win in every test category.

The steel-belted radial tires have a built-in advantage which was not included in these tests—substantially greater protection against cuts and punctures—because the belts under the tread are made of steel wire. (Cuts are the major cause of tire failure, by the way.)

**Uniroyal steel-belted radials
are now available in the United States.**

We are pleased to be able to tell you that the Uniroyal 180 steel-belted radial—which won first place



e radials.

radial tires received higher overall ratings than fabric-belted radials.

1971: Auto Motor und Sport Magazine

1 ST	Metzeler Monza (Steel)
2 ND	Conti TS 771 (Steel)
3 RD	Uniroyal 180 (Steel)
4 TH	Phoenix Sen. (Fabric)
5 TH	Fulda P 25 Rib (Fabric)
6 TH	Goodyear G800 (Fabric)

ability in '70 and aquaplaning tendency in '71.

1971: Auto Zeitung Magazine

1 ST	Uniroyal 180 (Steel)
2 ND	Michelin zX (Steel)
3 RD	Pirelli CF 67 (Fabric)
4 TH	Conti TS 771 (Steel)
5 TH	Kleber V 10 (Fabric)
6 TH	Conti TT 714 (Fabric)
6 TH	Fulda P 25 Rib (Fabric)
8 TH	Dunlop Sp 57F (Fabric)
9 TH	Phoenix P110Ti (Fabric)
10 TH	Bridgestone (Fabric)
10 TH	Metzeler Monza (Steel)
12 TH	Metzeler Monza (Fabric)
13 TH	Goodyear G800 (Fabric)

overall in three out of four of the above series of tests—is now available in this country in sizes to fit most of the popular European cars.

In addition, Uniroyal is now making a steel-belted radial especially designed for American cars, called the Uniroyal Zeta 40M. This tire is being produced in the United States.

Other companies are beginning to offer you steel-belted radials. But bear in mind that the steel-belted radial is a more difficult tire to make because steel is a more difficult material to work with.

Uniroyal has made more than 20 million steel-belted radials over the past 12 years, and knows how to make them properly.

In fact, there are only two tire companies in the world that have this much experience in making steel-belted radials—Michelin and Uniroyal.

When you go to buy a steel-belted radial, don't let them sell you just a radial tire or a steel-belted tire. It's not the same thing.

Here is how to tell what you're getting. If the dealer tells you it's a "radial tire", you can be pretty sure it's a fabric-belted radial. If he tells you it's a "steel tire," the chances are it's a steel-belted bias construction. (That is, a conventional tire, without the performance advantages of a radial.) If it's a steel-

belted radial, you can bet your boots he's going to let you know it!

Would you like to know the name of a dealer in your locality where you can get Uniroyal steel-belted radials? Telephone (800)-243-6000 anytime, free of charge. In Connecticut, call 1-(800)-882-6500.

Would you like to get a complete and unabridged English translation of the reports of all four of the radial tire tests described above? Send 25c to Dept.

GP, Uniroyal, Oxford, Connecticut 06749. When you're finished reading this series of test reports, you'll know what to look for in radial tires.



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Plus the great smell of Brut by Fabergé.

man in the free-agent draft, super-scout George Genovese being the man who reported in on Kingman's progress. Kingman was getting ready to go up to Fairbanks, with the Alaskan Panhandlers (a good semipro club that usually winds up at Wichita in the semipro championships) when Genovese got to him first. Instead of Fairbanks, he went to Amarillo in the Texas League, where in 60 games in 1970 he hit .295 and blasted 15 home runs, dividing his time between first base and the outfield. In the outfield at Amarillo, he fielded a miserable .888. It takes some doing, or undoing, to fall below .900 in the outfield. Still, he banged the ball. So they sent him and his 36-inch, 35-36 ounce bat to Phoenix in 1971, where for a short spell it looked as though he was in over his head.

Hank Sauer, Giant batting instructor, came to Phoenix and what he saw appalled him.

"He was lunging at the ball," said Sauer, "overswinging and uppercutting. But other than that, no problems." Which is like saying of a pitcher, he doesn't have much stuff, but boy is he wild.

Sauer and manager Davenport got Kingman to wait longer on pitches. Mainly, they got him to spend a week on the bench. He returned and the first day back he singled, doubled and homered. He batted .340 in a 38-game stretch. Rosy Ryan called him "one of the strongest men I've ever seen. He has a chance of becoming one of the game's great sluggers."

Kingman remained modest. During all that slugging, he said, "I'm striking out too much, and my average isn't nearly what I'd hoped. I'm working at it though, and I think I'm making some progress."

Some? He jumped 70 points in that month-plus, and when the Giants called him up he was hitting .278. You know the rest of the 1971 season. When you put together his 105 games at Phoenix and the 41 at San Francisco, they add up to 32 home runs and 123 runs batted in on a .278 average. Today he'll settle happily for 100 runs batted in, and so will the Giants.

During the winter season, Kingman spent most of his time on National Guard duty, as he does every year. (He passed the National Guard examination, it is said, with the highest score of any applicant to go through the San Francisco area.)

He put in a week of winter ball in Arizona, where the Great Experiment began to shape up.

The experiment amused some people. Wells Twombly, a fine writer but a born cynic, called the trial "experimental nonsense" and "a dizzy attempt." Twombly quoted a San Francisco TV man who asked Alan Gallagher, the otherwise incumbent Giant third baseman: "Do you think Kingman can make the adjustment to third base?"

"No," said Gallagher.

Kingman himself thinks he can (and he also thinks, and says, that Alan Gallagher was extraordinarily helpful during the trial run), and so do Joe Amalfitano and Charley Fox. Not that anybody sounds ecstatic, but then you have to remember the main point. If Kingman can continue to hit the way he has, the Giants must have his bat in the lineup, and when McCovey's healthy, third is the only opening. Third base is famous as a position for good-hit, no-field ball-players, Brooks Robinson notwithstanding.

When Kingman was asked at the beginning of the trial run how he felt about playing third, he didn't really say.

And the feelings that he did express were suspect. "I'm very happy," he said. "I'm very confident so far." The reason he felt so confident on March 30 was that on March 29 manager Charley Fox sat the boy down and very gently told him to stop worrying. Kingman had made two errors the day before and he'd stopped hitting. His confidence had touched bottom. So Fox unloosed his leprechaun nature and told the boy he'd be his starting third baseman. Fox also dropped Kingman from third spot to sixth in the lineup. Explained Fox: "You can't expect him to play third base like this and also hit third. That's asking too much of anybody."

Willie McCovey was the target for Kingman's throws. "He'll screw up a few," said McCovey, before his arm was broken. "We all do. He'll have to learn to compensate for the way his ball moves when he throws. But he's quick, he's agile, he's got a good arm and good hands. Being 6-6 hasn't seemed to hurt him. Maybe there are plays a man 5-11 will make he won't, but he's been making the plays so far."

Most of them. Kingman admitted

the most embarrassing moment of spring training came when he threw a doubleplay ball into centerfield. Still, he did make a few doubleplays in spring practice; he had great praise for Giant second baseman Tito Fuentes. "Tito has fantastic hands," he said. "He tells me, 'Don't worry about the doubleplay. Just get the lead man. I'll take care of the rest.'"

So at the beginning of the season I took the question to Tito Fuentes, and asked Tito how he thought Kingman was coming around. Fuentes' almond eyes opened even rounder, and he said, "Don't ask me. Ask the coach. Ask the manager. I have enough problems of my own."

So that's where the experiment stood when it was broken off by a broken arm. But, again we have mislaid the emphasis. Kingman is an offensive ballplayer, not a defensive one. He will make errors at first and perhaps more of them when he returns to third. The main point is, Dave Kingman was hired to hit. You ask Kingman whether he doesn't find himself thinking too much about his defense when he comes to bat, and he grins his goodlooking smile. "I might think about defense while I'm in the field, but at the plate, the easiest thing to concentrate on is hitting." If you ask why, he says instantly: "Because hitting is the most fun."

Hitting is also the way a man gets aggressions out of his system, and Dave Kingman is an aggressive ballplayer. Sometimes an angry ballplayer.

In the final exhibition of spring training against California, the first time he batted, with the bases loaded and a murderously wild Nolan Ryan pitching, Kingman was undressed by a blistering high inside pitch.

"It makes me mad to be brushed back," he said later. In the third inning, he walked. Fox gave him the go-ahead, and Kingman, who is blazing fast, got a great jump and came sliding into second base, without a throw from catcher Art Kusnyer. Even without the throw, Kingman carried one leg three feet high in that slide, his spikes blinking like stilettoes in the brilliant Palm Springs sun. He looked like a scene in *The Godfather*. It wasn't his only slide. He stole another base later in the game, this time beating a perfect throw from Jeff Torborg, and the reason the Angels changed catchers is because of what happened in between those

two steals. Kingman found himself on third base, with Chris Speier up, and Speier chopped a ball down the first-base line. In came Kingman. Jim Spencer gloved the ball and fired to catcher Kusnyer who planted his left foot in front of the plate. Kingman came close to ripping off that left foot. Kusnyer lay writhing on the ground, and the Angels took one quick sick look at the young man, because Kusnyer's left shoe was torn half off and twisted around as though the foot itself had spun about and now faced backward like a clubfoot. The stretch-er was rushed out but it turned out it was only the shoe that was turned. Kingman had his revenge; he'd undressed an Angel. Oh yes, catcher Kusnyer suffered a severely sprained left ankle.

"And did you notice," an occupant of the pressbox said, "how Kingman never came out to take a look at the man?"

"How could he?" someone answered. "He was in the dugout sharpening his spikes."

Dave Kingman will hurt a lot of infielders who get in his way. He is a very aggressive ballplayer. "I've always gone all out," he says. "That's the way I play."

In the Giant dressing room, after Fox had pulled him at the end of six innings, he started to show his feelings.

"What a day!" he said to the Giant trainer. "Three slides! My whole left side hurts." Then he added, "At first they thought I'd broken their catcher's leg."

Then the feelings break through. How does he feel when he strikes out?

"I feel I have to remedy it next time up."

How does he feel when he sits on the bench?

"It makes me more determined."

Does he take a losing game home with him?

"You can't win 'em all. I try to make the best of each day, of each at bat. I don't take the game home. It will drive you crazy."

And when he fails in the clutch?

"I can't wait to get up again."

When he says this, he laughs. It is a nasty sound.

Dave Kingman. A new force in baseball. They laughed when they sat him down at third base. But at first or third he may wipe some of those laughs off their faces. Surely he's going to do some laughing back. ■

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"THE ALL-STAR GAME



Hank Aaron



Johnny Bench



Roberto Clemente



Bill Freehan



Bob Gibson



Ferguson Jenkins

Twelve great ballplayers—past and present—make their choice

BY LOU PRATO

Memories. The baseball All-Star game is filled with them.

Memories of a hot July afternoon in St. Louis and a warm summer night in Detroit. Remembering how it was or what it might have been. Memories that sharpen and magnify with the passage of time.

Memories of 1933 and an aging Babe Ruth. Ruth, the legend himself, getting the first All-Star game off to a fitting start with a two-run homer into the rightfield seats at Chicago's Comiskey Park and a 4-2 American League victory.

Memories of 1937 and a crippled Dizzy Dean. Dean, the pitching master of the era, limping from the field at Griffith Stadium in Washington after being struck on the foot by Earl Averill's line drive, hurting from an injury that

would soon end his career.

Memories of 1949 and a proud Jackie Robinson. Robinson, the man of destiny, breaking another color barrier by starting at second base for the National League and then watching happily as Roy Campanella, Don Newcombe and Larry Doby also got their chance to play that day at Brooklyn's Ebbets Field.

Memories of 1970 and hustling Pete Rose. Rose, the modern day player with the verve of an old-timer, barreling into Cleveland catcher Ray Fosse to score the National League's winning run in the 12th inning before the hometown folks at Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium.

Memories of All-Star games. Some pleasant, some embarrassing, some unusual. No one who ever played in the game was left untouched in the heart by his experience. But what were the most unforgettable moments of the great stars, past and present, who participated in the classics? We went to 12 very special All-Stars and asked them to describe their most memorable All-Star game moment. Here is how they chose:

Henry Aaron

Despite his many All-Star game heroics since first helping the National League to a 6-5 win in 1955, Henry Aaron's greatest thrill occurred just last July at Tiger Stadium. "That's when I hit my first home run in an All-Star game," Hank said. "It was not only my first home run but also my first extra-base hit and I've been playing in this game for a long, long time (17 straight years)."

"For a while, I thought I might never get it. I knew I was better than this and I've always felt I was as good as anyone else in the game but for some reason I never got an extra-base hit. I had never played any baseball in Detroit and I had heard about the short rightfield porch to shoot at."

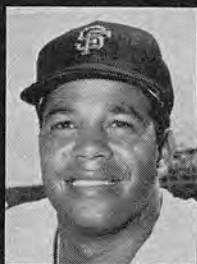
"What made it even more satisfying was that Vida Blue was pitching. I had heard a lot about him, too, but this was the first time I had faced him."

Aaron's blast came in the third inning with the Nationals ahead 2-0 on Johnny Bench's two-run

I'LL NEVER FORGET"



Harmon Killebrew



Juan Marichal



Willie Mays



Brooks Robinson



Red Schoendienst



Ted Williams

homer in the second. "Vida was throwing hard but I had confidence I was going to hit him. He threw me a fastball and that was it. I remember going around the bases and thinking how I felt when I hit my first homer in the regular season in 1954 and telling myself I finally made it in the big leagues. Well, now I feel like I've finally made it in the All-Star game."

Johnny Bench

Undoubtedly Johnny Bench has more All-Star game memories in his future than in his past. But he doubts if he'll ever equal the experience of the 1969 game in Washington.

"There were so many things about that game that made it memorable," Bench said. "First of all, it was the first time I was picked as the starting catcher. I had caught one inning in the 1968 game but it hadn't meant much.

"We were scheduled to play at night and during the day we all went to the White House where we met the President, the Vice President and Billy Graham. I remem-

ber we were in the East Room in a line and they shook my hand. I remember President Nixon saying: 'I've heard a lot about you. Good luck in the future.' That made me feel pretty good.

"Anyway, we were rained out that night but got lost returning to the hotel from the stadium. Normally, it's a 15-minute bus ride but our driver took the wrong turn and we went to Virginia. It took us about two hours to get back.

"I was doing my two weeks of military duty and thought I'd have to return but they gave me permission to stay over for the game the next day.

"I hit a home run my first time at bat and you know how that made me feel. Then in the sixth inning with two out and a man on base I hit another ball that Yastrzemski caught by climbing the left-field screen. That kept me from being the Most Valuable Player in the game. Willie McCovey hit two homers that day and he was the MVP.

"Everything just went so smoothly in 1969 I don't know how I could ever top it. But I'll keep on trying."

Roberto Clemente

Unless he is reminded of his individual All-Star game efforts, Roberto Clemente says he doesn't remember them. But with a little prompting, his memory conjures up the theme that has haunted him during his entire career—neglect.

He frets because it was six years after he broke in with the Pirates in 1955 before he became an All-Star for the first time. And he still feels the alleged snub that overshadowed his on-field exploits in the 1961 game at San Francisco.

"That year was a good game for me," Clemente said, "but I was disappointed that I didn't receive the recognition from the press."

The unpredictable wind at Candlestick Park received at least as much attention, if not more, than Clemente who was involved in three of the five National League runs, including the game winning runs batted home in the tenth inning.

Clemente's triple in the second inning against Whitey Ford led to the first National run and he drove in another run with a sacrifice fly

ALL-STAR GAME

CONTINUED

in the fourth. But it was in the tenth inning when he was best.

The Americans had taken a 4-3 lead in the top of the tenth but the Nationals rallied back to tie with Hank Aaron's single and Willie Mays' double. Chicago's Hoyt Wilhelm was pitching and he had just hit Frank Robinson, then with Cincinnati, in the ribs when Clemente came up. Despite the erratic wind which had blown Stu Miller off the mound earlier, Clemente lashed a single to right and Mays darted home with the winning run.

But instead of the adulation he had expected, Clemente says he was neglected in the locker room after the game. "I was the hero of the game but to the press Mays was the hero," Clemente said. "They were talking to him and he kept telling them, 'I didn't do it. This man next to me did it. Talk to him.'"

"But they didn't listen to Mays. I did everything I could but still the writers didn't care. They wrote about everything else but me. I knew then how the American writers stand."

Bill Freehan

For a man who has been the American League's starting catcher five times since first becoming an All-Star in 1964, Bill Freehan's memories are a paradox. He recalls the indignities more than the achievements.

"The first game I played in was 1965 in Minnesota," Bill said, "and I was a last-minute replacement. I was hitting only .194 and I was so embarrassed I didn't want them to put my average on the message board when I came to bat.

"I didn't even look up when I stepped into the box but I turned to the catcher, I think it was Joe

Torre, and told him not to believe what the message board said because they were talking about another Freehan hitting .194 and not this one. But I must have shook them up because I got a walk from Sandy Koufax and a single off Bob Gibson.

"In the eighth inning Eddie Fisher came on to pitch. He was a big knuckleball pitcher and I had never caught a knuckleballer. I remember telling Henry Aaron, who was the first batter, to hit the first pitch so I wouldn't have to worry about catching the ball. I said, 'Henry, protect me. Don't you know it's illegal to take any pitches.' I still don't know how I survived that game."

Bob Gibson

An off-field incident in 1962 still recalled with some embarrassment is what Bob Gibson best remembers about his five All-Star game selections.

"It was my second year in the league, my first year as an All-Star," Gibson said. "I was a kid and pretty impressionable, but I was trying not to be awed by everybody.

"The game was in Washington and we were waiting around the hotel before the game when John Roseboro takes me over and introduces me to an older guy. He said, 'I want you to meet the Vice President,' and I said hello and we made small talk about baseball. I thought he was the Vice President of some ballclub and nothing he said made me think any differently.

"Well, we went on to the stadium and I don't remember what I did during the game. (He pitched the fifth and sixth innings, giving up one run and one hit.) But when

I got back to my hotel room it suddenly dawned on me that John had introduced me to the Vice President of the United States, Lyndon Johnson.

"I felt kinda foolish about it. Of course, I wasn't prepared to talk to the Vice President but I should have expected it.

"Years later I met him again in the White House, when he was President, but I never said anything. After all, I was a kid then. But even now I remember how embarrassed I felt."

Ferguson Jenkins

An awkward moment which Ferguson Jenkins turned into a personal triumph gave the Chicago pitcher his greatest All-Star game thrill. It happened in the longest All-Star game ever, the 15-inning marathon at Anaheim in 1967.

"I struck out Mickey Mantle after he had been given a long standing ovation and I've never felt anything like that, even winning 20 games," said Jenkins.

The National League was leading 1-0 in the fifth with two out and a runner on when Mantle batted for pitcher Jim McGlothlin. Already, Jenkins had struck out Tony Oliva, Harmon Killebrew and Tony Conigliaro. But with a possible chance to break the game open, Mantle stepped to the plate.

"I felt about two feet tall when those 57,000 people cheered him," Jenkins recalled. "This was only my second year in the big leagues and I was especially nervous facing a veteran ballplayer of Mantle's stature. Walt Alston (National League manager) came out to talk to me and told me not to throw anything soft. But I was still nervous.

"Well, Mickey fouled off my first pitch. Then he missed a curve and I threw the next one away. I think I threw a fastball for my fourth pitch and he took it for a called strike. That was the third out and when I got to the dugout the guys slapped me on the back and started (*Continued on page 30*)

What Ham did for Virginia, Old Crow did for Bourbon.

Even before Virginia's George Washington became President, Virginia was famous for the good taste of her country hams. Not long after, the good taste of Old Crow made Bourbon famous.

Before 1835, Bourbon was made every which way. That year, Dr. James Crow took it out of the hit-or-miss league and created the process that gave Bourbon its mellow taste—and good name: Old Crow.



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The talk today is that the game's reigning superstar may quit. If he does, it will have an impact beyond the ordinary because of what this most charismatic of all athletes means to his sport. So the natural question follows....

BY JOHN DEVANEY

The Jet players came out of the clubhouse yawning, stretching, not thinking about the accident, not then. They'd been thinking about it often enough for two days, remembering how Joe Namath's knee collapsed under him when he tried to tackle Mike Lucci. It had happened in a meaningless exhibition game in Tampa, and now the New York Jets would miss Joe Namath for at least half the 1971 season. Just as they'd lost him for most of the 1970

season with a broken bone in his throwing hand. He'd come back so eager to play in this 1971 season. "You could see how much he missed football," says Jet center John Schmitt. "Being on the sideline for half a year, healthy as a horse except he couldn't throw, it drove him crazy. We talked about it—him and me. He found out how much football meant to him."

Now, warming up in the September sun here at Hofstra College on Long Island, the Jets looked around the practice field and sensed right away what was missing. Usually there'd be 1500 or 2000 people packed around the sidelines. Now there weren't 150 people here. "Where are all the fans?" someone asked. Defensive end Gerry Philbin laughed. "They're not here," he said, "because Joe's not here."

Joe almost certainly will not be here—in pro football, that is—for much longer. One day those glass knees will collapse under him for a last time, or the pain will be too much, and he will announce his retirement. ("He's playing now on borrowed time," says AFC director of information Harold Rosenthal, who has seen those scarred, puffy knees up close.) When Namath goes, will some of the people who watch

pro football, on TV or in the stadiums, disappear, as they disappeared at Hofstra? He is unquestionably pro football's No. 1 attraction; there is no one else close to him in popularity. What happens without him to pro football's sky-high TV ratings? What happens without him to the bags of dollars the sponsors are handing over to the networks and to pro football for telecast rights? What happens without him to the sale of season tickets?

Nothing, one might argue, and one might be correct. But this is uncontested: Right now Joe Namath has a direct and heavy impact on ticket sales and TV ratings. "It is a conviction among TV people," says ABC-TV commentator Howard Cosell, "that Namath means additional rating points. He is by far the most magnetic star in pro football, the biggest name and the biggest drawing card. When you do a promotion for pro football, you use Joe Namath. When you do a Super Bowl analysis, you go interview Joe Namath." ABC-TV, in fact, went to Joe Namath for its first Monday-night football game—Joe and the Jets against the Browns.

"As an individual Joe Namath is the No. 1 attraction in pro football," says NBC- (Continued on page 92)

CAN FOOTBALL LIVE WITHOUT NAMATH (& VICE- VERSA)?

"No candidate for high public office," says our political pundit, "feels secure unless followed around by a Rockette line of celebrities." That, of course, includes athletes. Here are revelations on...

BY TOM DOWLING

HOW- AND WHY PRESIDENTIAL CONTENDERS USE ATHLETES

Some 30 miles from the White House in the rolling hunt country of Virginia, Washington Redskin coach George Allen built himself a Shangri-La, or Berchtesgaden, depending on your point of view. Rustic isolation, soundproof conference rooms, indoor weight machines and whirlpool baths, outdoor football fields of grass and synthetic turf ringed by woods—Allen spared no expense to shield his athletes from the daily temptations and trifling concerns of the outside world. Redskin Park they call it. Its faith is

football, a monotheism that has traditionally dismissed all external concerns as heresy.

In the autumn of 1971 President Richard Nixon, football freak and politician *nonpareil*, paid a state visit to Allen's land-locked principality. In the course of his summit meeting, Nixon predicted big things for the Redskins and then diagrammed a screen pass that, not surprisingly, was good for a practice session touchdown. Image-wise as they say, this was the best thing that had happened to an American President

since Calvin Coolidge donned an Indian headdress for photographers in the 1920s. The affair so delighted Nixon that he promptly diagrammed two more plays—a reverse for the Redskins and a pass play for the Miami Dolphins—which turned out to be the most unfortunate things that happened to those two teams all year long.

But it was all indicative of a rising trend. Nixon may have been the first president to throw his lot in with the athletes, but all over the place athletes were throwing in their

lot with the politicians. Indeed, by the time Nixon paid his call to Redskin Park almost half of Washington's regular 40-man roster had already endorsed the presidential bid of Senator George McGovern.

By the spring of 1972 most of the Washington Redskins, like their confreres around the country on other pro teams, had already been sought out by Presidential hopefuls. Senator Edmund Muskie, a fatality in the stretch, had the support of Redskin safety Brig Owens, not to mention team president Edward Bennett Williams and Mrs. Bobby Mitchell, the wife of the ex-Washington flanker. (Bobby, currently a team scout, was a backer of McGovern.) Not that Nixon came away empty handed. George Allen himself had earlier titillated a \$500 a plate Washington gathering of Republican faithfuls by his expectant demeanor of ultimate victory for the Grand Old Party. Redskin tackle Walter Rock and running back Tommy Mason wowed a Republican Capitol Hill cocktail fund-raiser with their announcement of plans to work hard for the reelection of the President. Former Redskin defensive end Carl Kammerer also was on hand and proved himself no mean presser of flesh on the political hustings. Indeed, so exuberant were Kammerer's physical powers of persuasion that he was icily told by one female reporter at the gathering: "You must be mistaken. I am not the football."

The most enthusiastic Redskin in the McGovern camp is guard Ray

Schoenke. In late April he had the pleasure of introducing McGovern at a Catholic University rally. "I've never been involved in a political campaign before," Schoenke began in a large voice. "Many of you here have been more involved in politics than I have. But I've been involved before. In the offseason I've worked with inner city youth programs. Like a lot of you who'd like to do something for what ails this country, I got pretty frustrated. Nothing spent for the inner city kids and millions spent for the wrong things. A war in Vietnam, the rich here getting wealthier. Millions every day going to the wrong places. I wanted to do something so about a year ago I went down to meet Senator McGovern. He said there's only one way to help and that's to stand up. I did. And now I know McGovern is the way. They said there's no way in hell this man can win. Well, I've come to love this man more every day and I tell you he *can* win. And now the next President of the United States. . . ."

And so George McGovern strode down the center aisle of the CU gym. Was the applause any louder because of Schoenke's introduction? Was McGovern any closer to the Democratic nomination because of Schoenke's support, or the support of the other 82 Athletes for Mc-

The battlers with some of their athletic supporters (left to right): Senator George McGovern with Redskin guard Ray Schoenke; President Nixon with Redskin coach George Allen; Senator Edmund Muskie, now a dropout, with Henry Aaron.

Govern whom Schoenke had in large measure recruited?

"It's McGovern himself who's brought our blue-collar support around," said a McGovern female staffer who helps coordinate the campaign athletes. "But on the other hand, voters warm up to celebrities. If you're looking for votes in the black community it helps to have a black hero along with the Senator. And most of the black heroes are athletes. In Wisconsin we had the athletes at the Serb fish fry in Milwaukee, a working class group, and they relate to athletes. We sent our athletes around to the Milwaukee Brewers' Easter Egg hunt and little kids certainly relate to athletes, which doesn't hurt with their parents. Why even our radical chic supporters dig athletes.

"I mean," the girl tittered in conclusion, "how can anyone not like a great big football player?"

Schoenke himself saw it this way: "Myself, I find this whole celebrity business a pain in the ass. But the athletes who worked hardest for McGovern in Wisconsin weren't really celebrities there. Myself. Bob Stein and Ed Podolak of the Chiefs. John Wilbur of the Redskins. Marv Fleming of the Dolphins, who used to be a Packer, and Ken Bowman, the Packer center, were the only two who were known in the state. Yet Podolak did a great job. He's from a small town in Iowa and his dad was driven off the farm. When Podolak tells how the little guy is getting a (Continued on page 88)



The best American tennis player to come along in years truly believes in the old-fashioned values, that hard work, religious faith and a gutty attitude help make for perfection, and a better world. Maybe his philosophy is too simple for the world we live in today, but how can you argue with success?

BY BARRY LORGE

STAN SMITH AND THE PROTESTANT ETHIC

It had never occurred to Stan Smith, who was supposed to have steely concentration in tough competitive situations, that this could happen to him. Not in the biggest match of his life. Of course he was susceptible to mental lapses during a first-round match in some indoor tournament in Dubuque. But in the Wimbledon final? Never.

Yet there he was last July, leading John Newcombe two sets to one, his rhythm established, the most prestigious title in tennis within his grasp. He just had to bear down for the kill, as he had so often before in key tournaments at various stages of his ascending career.

What a strange moment for his brain to go out to lunch.

"I never thought there'd be a problem concentrating in a Wimbledon final. I could have imagined a number of other things going wrong, but not that," Stan said ruefully after watching the Duke of Kent present the championship trophy to Newcombe. "I was careless.

I didn't realize the danger.

"It's like reading a book, I guess. Even if you're really interested and think you're absorbing every word, your mind starts to wander after a few hours. In the fourth set I was daydreaming, and I lost the momentum."

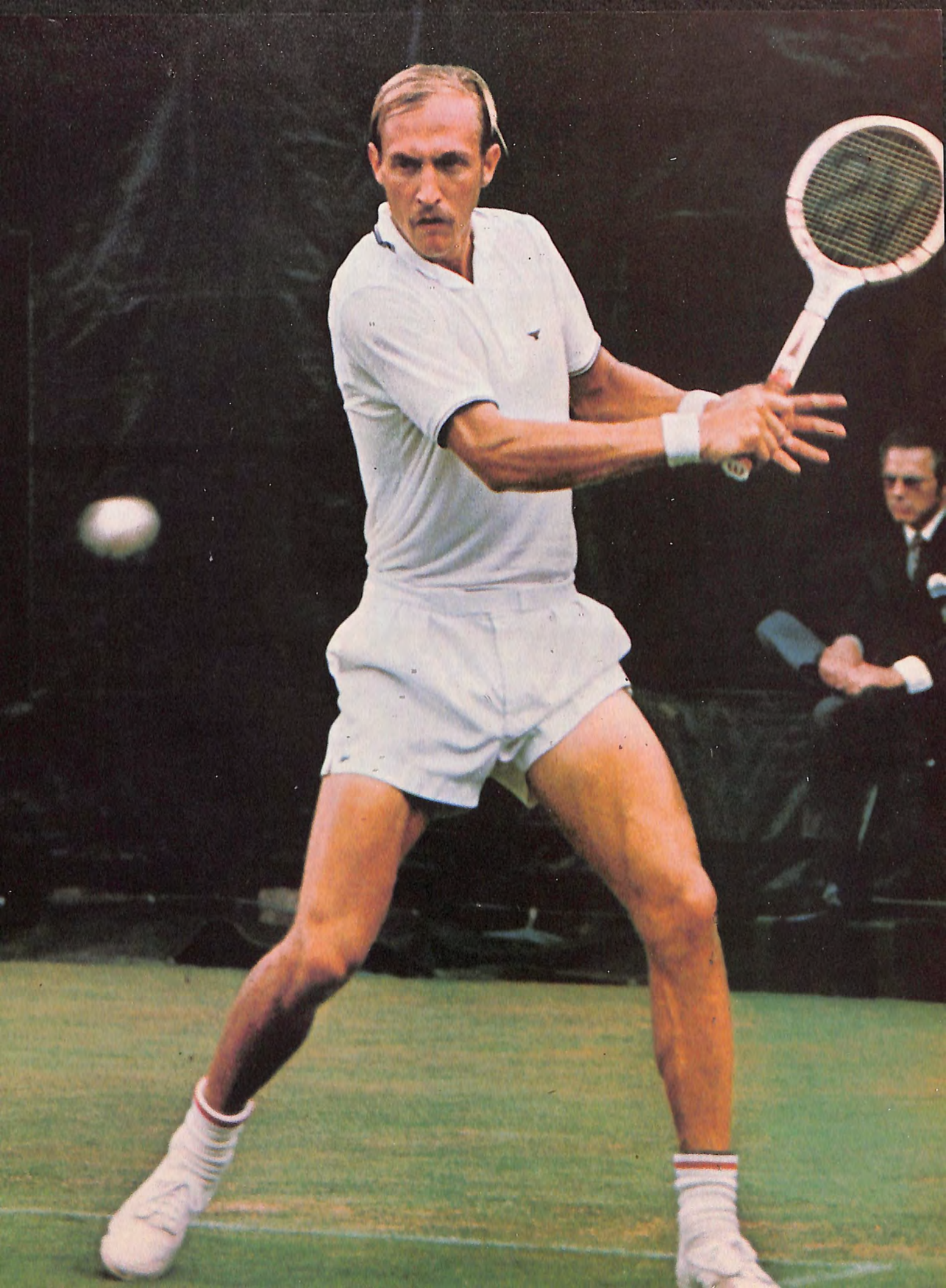
For a less mature 24-year-old, that might have been a shattering error—the kind that can retard a career. But Stan Smith is the Protestant ethic in tennis gear, a believer in the old virtues and the adaptability of man, and he took the lesson for what it was. He thought about that match for weeks, replaying it a million times—not brooding or hoping to will away the outcome, but trying to learn everything he could from the experience. He wanted to understand it perfectly, to pinpoint every mistake, so that next time he would react differently. As with all his important matches, he turned its lessons into a catechism.

Stan Smith's confidence and ex-

perience have expanded so greatly since last year's Wimbledon that he is now the most imposing young figure in tennis. Despite, or maybe because of, that Wimbledon failure—which he will be favored to reverse this July—he went on in 1971 to compile the most impressive record of any male American tennis player since Tony Trabert in 1955. He won the U.S. Open, the international Grand Prix and was MVP of the Davis Cup Challenge Round for the second time in three years. He was unchallenged for the top American ranking, and at the end of the year an international panel co-rated him with Newcombe as Player of the Year, diluting the Australian domination of the five-year-old Martini & Rossi Award.

Smith does not disagree with those who date his thrust to the top of the tennis world from the Wimbledon defeat of 1971. Many

There's that gutty look on Stan's face. And intense concentration. He lacked the concentration last summer at Wimbledon.



THE PROTESTANT ETHIC

CONTINUED

people think Newcombe conned him out of the match by clowning around and getting him to join in the act. But in retrospect, Stan thinks it was the novelty of the situation—his first major world final—that made him vulnerable to distraction.

"Any time you get into a new and unfamiliar situation, there's a tendency to think about the feelings you're having instead of the task at hand," he says. "You can forget to pay attention."

He remembers a stream of thought shooting rapidly through his mind when he should have been thinking only of Newcombe and strategy. Flashback images. Premature notions of "the ultimate"—how he'd look with the championship trophy; what he'd say while dancing the traditional first waltz at the Wimbledon Ball; how his parents, watching from the grandstand, would greet their son, the Wimbledon champ. A collage of contrasting scenes made him wonder why a whole fortnight—Wimbledon 1971—was culminating this way: The faces of players who had been upset; the impact of increasing pressure on him; the eerie feeling he got warming up each day with fewer and fewer players around. Bizarre little thoughts: How annoying old players could be when they came looking for "inside dope" before placing bets. And weird questions: Had more people on the streets of London recognized him this year because he was becoming famous, or because he had grown a mustache?

"I was out there examining and cross-examining my feelings, evaluating the experience, and I forgot what I was doing," Stan realized later. "Against a good player, that's deadly. It was a tough way to learn."

But learn he did, and two months later his catechism paid off. He won his second big final, the '71 U.S.

Open at Forest Hills.

Things did not go well at first against Czech Jan Kodes, who was knocking winners off Stan's good serves at a maddening rate. "Left and right, I'd never seen anything like it," Stan said . . . but this time his mind was on strategy. After losing the first set, he abandoned his hard, flat serve for a "big hop" delivery with lots of spin and varied pace. From then on, he dictated



A big hitter two years ago, Stan is now the complete tennis player. "Confidence and experience" is what did it, he says.

the pattern of the match.

No daydreaming this time. No thinking ahead to trophies. Stan plugged his concentration in tight, and as the fourth set went into sudden death, he was already preparing himself for the fifth. He has by far the best record of any top pro in tie-breakers—those demanding microcosms of a match in which, as he says, "you have to gather yourself together, your concentration and wits and guts and strategy, and put it all together for nine consecutive points"—but he wasn't taking anything for granted. He was prepared to go a fifth set, and after winning the tie-breaker it took him over a minute to realize that there would be none.

"Confidence and experience," he said afterward. "In all walks of life those are the factors that separate winners from talented people who never quite make it. In tennis, the more confident you are, the more bold you can be in going for the big shot at the crucial time. You have to know in your own mind that you can make the ball do what you want it to. And experience goes right along with that. You have to know how you react in every situation, what you must watch out for, what your opponent is likely to do. Experience tells you what to do, confidence allows you to do it."

But there are always new lessons to be learned, fresh experiences to be stored away in that steel-trap brain. Having discovered how to sustain concentration in the big matches, Stan applied himself to positive thinking in the Dubuques of this world.

"Last year I played my best tennis in big events. I was pleased about that—part of experience is knowing how to gear yourself that way," he says. "But the logical extension is to play well all the time. I'm not good enough yet to win without getting myself up for every match; (Continued on page 100)

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Willie Horton Vs. The World

The burden on the stocky Tiger slugger was too much to bear last year when everything seemed to go wrong. But all's right with Willie's world now, so far

BY AL HIRSHBERG

"Hey, Willie, how much do you figure that stuff I've given you out of my drawer is worth?"

Willie Horton grinned as he ran by Jimmy Campbell, the Tigers' general manager.

"About 49 bucks," he yelled.

Campbell puts all the junk he collects during the year—lighters, money clips, tie tacks, notebooks, key rings, pocket calendars and the like—into the top right drawer of his desk. Horton used to walk into his office and say, "Whatcha got for me today, Jim?"

"When he stopped doing that last year I knew he was in trouble," Campbell said. "He was like a bear—sullen and uncommunicative. And I knew he was all right when he started asking again what was in the drawer during the winter. Now he's the old Willie—friendly and happy-go-lucky."

I asked Horton what made the difference between this year and his troubled 1971 season.

"Ain't got no worries," Horton said. "And ain't thinking or talking about worries."

"Jimmy Campbell says you weren't yourself last year."

"A beautiful man," Horton said.

He paused, and stared into his locker. "The damn trouble last year," he said, his voice soft, "was everybody got personal. I don't see any connection between my personal life and my baseball life. I ain't answering questions about my personal life. I don't think it's anyone's business but mine. Baseball questions? That's something else again. I'll answer any baseball questions anyone asks."

This closes some important doors. What does a writer do when personal reverses—and Willie was loaded with them last year—threaten a ballplayer's play? And what happens when a ballplayer and his manager have virtually no communication, as was the case with Horton and manager Billy Martin last year?

Martin is as disinclined to answer questions on that subject as is Horton. Here, give or take a few phrases, is the exact conversation this writer had with Martin about Horton this spring:

Q: What happened between you and Horton?

A: I make rules and I expect everyone to abide by them.

Q: Didn't Horton?

A: Everything got straightened out and there are no problems now.

Q: Was there a lack of understanding of each other on the part of either of you?

A: Willie and I had no lack of understanding. I understood him and he understood me.

Q: That's not the way I heard it.

A: Look, I don't want a good relationship that has been developed wrecked by a magazine story. And I don't want to rehash in a magazine story things that didn't work out with Willie last year.

Q: I'm not here to wreck anything. I just want to know what happened to change Willie from what he was last year into what he is today.

A: If that's the kind of story you're looking for I can't help you.

Willie Horton had problems—very big problems—last year. He was, as Campbell put it, "like a bear." And there definitely were problems between the manager and the ballplayer that don't seem to exist now.

One of Martin's last moves before the 1971 season ended was to yank Horton out of a game for failing to run out a groundball. And one of Horton's last moves in '71 was to announce at an impromptu press conference that he was "retiring."

The 29-year-old ballplayer laughs that off now.

"I didn't mean I was retiring for good," he says. "Just for the winter. Don't all big-leaguers retire for the winter?"

This little joke, which Horton

Willie Horton

CONTINUED

repeated several times this year, was no joke at the time. For a while, at least, he was dead serious. But, as Campbell said at the time, the Willie Horton of 1971 wasn't the real Willie Horton. The real one was the friendly, if somewhat disenchanted, muscle man who laughed and kidded with everyone, including Martin, after reporting to the Lakeland, Florida, training camp this spring.

The men who wouldn't speak to each other in 1971 acted like old chums. As Martin passed Horton on his way from the field to his locker-room office one day last spring, Willie said, "Hey, Skip, see you a minute?"

"Sure," Martin said. "Come on in now."

Before Horton moved a step he was asked if he could have approached Martin that casually a year ago.

"What difference?" Horton said. "This ain't a year ago. This is now."

And you and Billy are buddy-buddies?

"A beautiful man," said Horton.

Then he was off to follow the boss he hated last year into the inner sanctum for a confidential little chat.

The reasons for Willie-Horton-versus-the-world in 1971 changing into Willie-Horton-and-the-world-he-loves in 1972 go beyond the altered relationship with his manager. A Job-like succession of misfortunes befell Horton in 1971. He had very real personal problems, which he was understandably reluctant to talk about. The heaviest blow was the breakup of his family, a split that looked permanent at the time. Willie moved to a downtown Detroit motel while his children, nine-year-old Darryl Williams and seven-year-old Terri Lynn, stayed at the family home

with their mother, the former Patricia Strickland.

Basically a family man—he was close to his own parents who were killed in a 1965 auto accident—Willie found it hard to accept separation from his wife and children. While his friends and advisers were trying to patch up the family breach, Willie was unhappily and unwillingly living a bachelor life in his home city.

During this time, Willie was also worrying about a night spot he had bought in north Detroit which he renamed *Willie Horton's Club 23* (the number he wears). Although he was there as much as possible, he needed competent help to run it properly and had trouble finding any.

"I learned who my friends were, at least," he said. "They showed up even when I wasn't there."

But apparently few others did, a situation that lasted through a good part of the 1971 season. This added worry put a heavy load on Horton's mind which wasn't relieved until he found a good manager for the place after the season ended.

Beyond these personal problems, Willie had a succession of minor injuries, real and imagined, climaxed by a major one which nearly cost him the sight of one eye. He had battles with the press because he thought its airing of his personal problems was uncalled for. This bothered him about as much as anything because until last year Willie Horton had been on the receiving end of very little bad publicity.

A simple man, this product of Detroit's slums, youngest child of a huge family, many of whose brothers and sisters were dead by the time he was born in 1942, recognized baseball as a pleasant escape from the poverty he had known in his youth. He did—and does—a

good deal for the poor of Detroit. He loves these kids, black and white, for he was once one of them. He loves all kids, regardless of race. Having grown up in an integrated neighborhood, Willie is for all the poor, not just the black poor.

Like Roy Campanella, whom he resembles so closely, Horton always loved baseball for its own sake. It used to be said of Campy that he would have played for nothing. So would Horton.

Until last year. For last year was a turning point in Willie's romance with baseball, or at least with the media that cover the game. Horton steadfastly insists that his domestic and business troubles have no



After a season of discontent last year, Horton once again seems to be in a happy and friendly state of mind with everyone.

place in the public eye. In principle he may be right, but life isn't all that simple for anyone in the spotlight. A major-league ballplayer, like an entertainer or a politician, is public property. Granted, the public has an insatiable and perhaps unreasonable interest in the personal affairs of its public figures. But the curiosity is there and its rightness or wrongness is incidental.

If Horton ever had personal problems before last year, they affected neither his play nor his tem-

perament, so only his closest associates knew about them. Until last year, Willie had never been subject to anything beyond professional criticism—isolated cases involving failure to hit in a clutch, a key mistake or a damaging error. Horton accepted this as part of the game. He couldn't accept any other kind of criticism.

In a sense, he was the victim last year of his own previous good nature. Friendly and warm by nature, he went to spring training in 1971 upset about his personal affairs—and he showed it. Those who knew him well naturally wanted to know the cause of his trouble, and Willie didn't want to

The first Tiger manager Willie played for, the late Charley Dressen, understood this when Horton appeared as a rookie at spring training in 1964 weighing close to 235. "You look like a big, round kewpie doll," Dressen told him. "Get rid of 22 pounds."

Dressen made a game of Horton's losing weight. The manager had a wisecrack ready every day the kid stepped on the scales. And when Horton finally lost the 22 pounds Dressen gave him a 22-pound side of pork and said, "Don't eat it all at once."

This was the way to handle Horton, but Martin didn't know that. It was a mistake costly to both him

throat for showing up too fat, Willie crawled into a shell and stayed there all season.

"I've been hearing that weight crap every year," Horton said last spring, "and I'm sick and tired of it. I've got big bones and have a hell of a time taking weight off. Last week I worked like a dog and didn't eat much, but all I lost was half a pound."

He smiled when he said it, which he wouldn't have in 1971. Then, instead of smiling, he sulked. The smoldering feud between him and Martin never really erupted into open warfare, but by the time the regular season began there was a nearly total lack of communication between the two.

To complicate matters, Martin, having heard that Horton had rarely been a problem in the past, couldn't understand why Willie had become one to him. This was another case of Horton being a victim of his own previous good nature. If Martin had expected trouble from him, he might have handled Willie differently.

As the 1971 season progressed, other troubles began to bother Horton. In early May Martin threatened to bench him if he didn't start hitting. Not long after that Horton had a terrible row with the front office over baseball tickets he had requested. In midseason, after belting half a dozen balls into the seats in batting practice, Horton walked off the field complaining of pains in his shoulder.

The press reported each move, to Horton's increasing annoyance. Willie wasn't used to that kind of treatment. When Willie walked out of a game in 1969 and came back a couple of days later, manager Mayo Smith fined him and the club withheld his pay for the games he missed, but the press gave him every break. To this day, nobody knows why he walked out. The writers asked him, of course, but none pressed the issue and all conveniently forgot it—for Willie's sake.

Today, Willie barely nods to Joe Falls, the able sports editor and columnist (*Continued on page 108*)



In '71 Horton hit only 22 homers, one of his lowest season totals, but one of them was this grand slammer against Boston.

talk about it.

His new manager, Billy Martin, provided the last straw without realizing it. To Martin's dismay, Willie was grossly overweight, and that was the beginning of the troubles between the two. Martin didn't know that Horton generally shows up in Florida overweight. Horton always has weight woes. That's because he'll never forget the days when he couldn't afford to eat. Now that he can get all he wants, the temptation to stuff himself is more than he can resist.

and the ballclub. In four of the six previous seasons Horton had hit 27 or more home runs and in two of them he knocked in a hundred or more runs. Last year, under Martin, he hit 22 homers and drove in 72 runs. This would have been a good season for most ballplayers, but not for Horton.

Hardly knowing Horton when he took over as the Tiger manager in 1971, Martin didn't recognize the chip on Willie's shoulder when Horton reported for spring training. Worried about his family and his business, Willie was in no mood for criticism. When the quick-tempered Martin jumped down his



One decade ago, a young American driver named Roger Penske was winning Sports Car Club of America titles and building the Zerex Special, evolved from a Formula One Cooper and powered by a Cooper-Climax engine. Then, in 1964, Penske retired as a driver. He sold his car to a young New Zealand Grand Prix driver named Bruce McLaren. Eventually that Zerex Special evolved into the McLaren-Oldsmobile and the Elva-McLaren and what today we know simply as the McLaren CanAm car—an 800-plus horsepower, 200-mile-an-hour twin-seater that falls into a catch-all racing category known as Group 7.

In past years, those McLarens—by any name—have totally dominated the CanAm series.

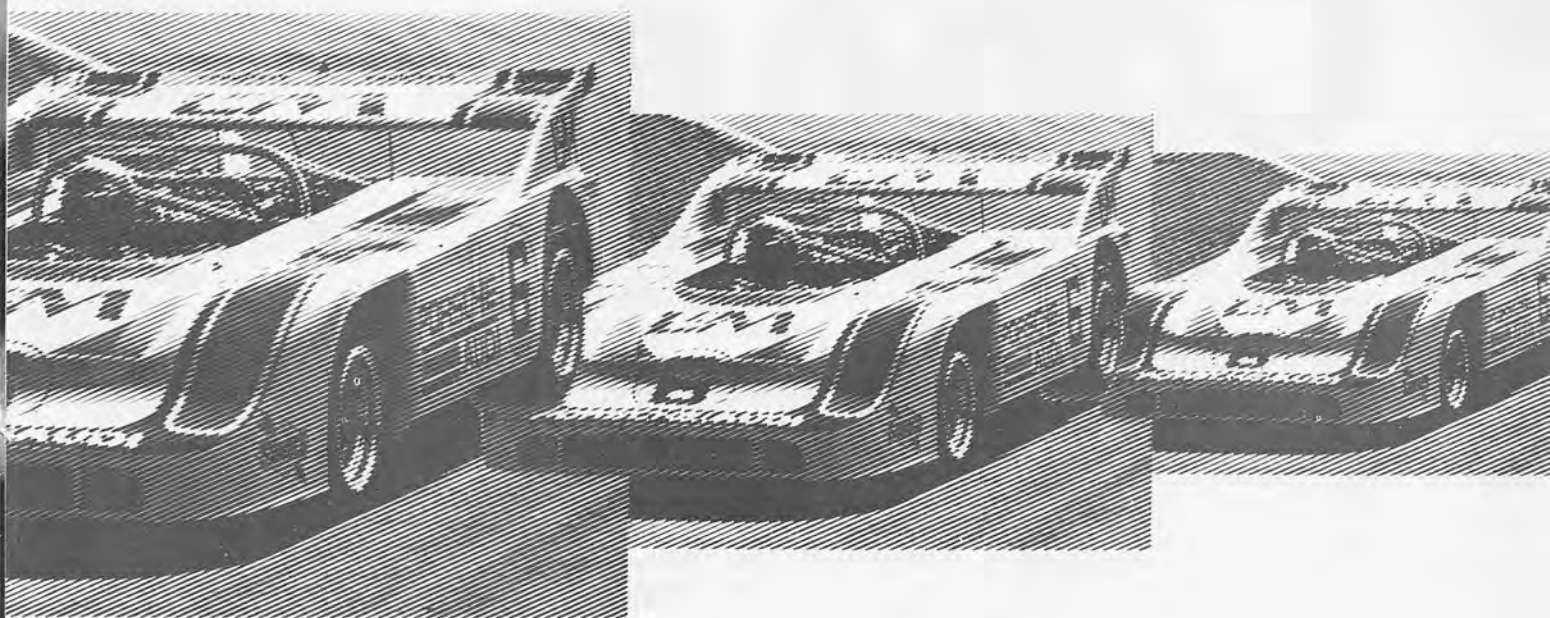
But now, in 1972, there's a new challenger. Ironically, it's the McLarens' godfather, Roger Penske. And where there's Roger Penske Racing Enterprises, Inc., you'll find Mark Donohue, possibly the best American race driver and certainly one of the most versatile—SCCA, USAC, NASCAR, Formula One and now CanAm again. Despite his new image this year—fashionably long hair and a wardrobe alive with double-knits and five-inch ties—in one respect Donohue hasn't changed a bit. He still gives straight answers to tough questions.

Donohue and I were sitting in a Manhattan French restaurant, *Le Chanteclair*. A favorite haunt for racing buffs, the walls are filled with autographed photographs, sometimes of the men dining below them. "The CanAm is like a knife fight," Mark said. "In a knife fight there are no rules. In CanAm there are virtually no rules, either. So you can't be sure what the other guy is doing between seasons. You see," he admitted, "McLaren and Roger Penske Racing Enterprises front for four or five big companies—Porsche-Audi, L&M, Gulf, Sunoco and Goodyear. A big series like the CanAm really is won in board rooms and in the shops. The

A close look at what Mark Donohue says will be
"like a knife fight" this year

CanAm 72

BY ROBERT ARTHUR CUTTER



amount of money involved dictates how successful you can be, plus the decisions made in designing, building and preparing your car."

It sounded neat, but cold-blooded. What about the drivers, we asked him? How do they enter this tight corporate picture.

Donohue, the driver-engineer, smiled. "Drivers are what the *public* is interested in. But I'd equate the driver's share of a successful racing team effort at about 20 percent, certainly no more than 25 percent. The other 70 to 75 percent belongs to the team's designers, engineers and mechanics. Drivers are really the puppets in this business," Donohue added.

If Donohue is a driver-engineer, two-time World Grand Prix champ Jackie Stewart is a driver-entertainer—consumer-oriented. He approaches the sport in terms of its entertainment values and the opportunities it provides to sell products for his sponsors. "Certainly I agree that the back-room boys are important," Stewart commented. "I can't win races without the right car, and I'm paid to win races. But I'm no puppet," he added vehemently.

Stewart showed his independence when he made his unexpected and dramatic move after last year's CanAm from the L&M Lola T260 to Team McLaren. In his wake,

he set off a chain of switches that sent Peter Revson, last year's CanAm champion, into Formula One and brought in the Penske-Donohue team with L&M's generous backing. "The Lola was a very good car," Jackie said in retrospect. "It was very much experimental, though, and I was lucky indeed to win those two CanAms in a machine that still was evolving. When I received my offer from Chairman Mao, it appeared to me that way I

In the CanAm supremacy scramble, Denny Hulme (far left) teams with Jackie Stewart (below) for Team McLaren, while Pete Revson (shown with Hulme) is out. Their challengers are Roger Penske and Mark Donohue in the Porsche Audi (above).



CanAm

CONTINUED

would be *guaranteed* a good car."

"Chairman Mao" is round-faced Teddy Mayer. A nephew of former Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton, Mayer comes from Philadelphia money and is an Ivy League graduate, trained as a lawyer. A decade ago he was bitten by the motor-racing bug and went off to Europe with his brother Timmy (later killed in a racing accident) and Peter Revson. Today he is joint managing director of McLaren and manager of Team McLaren in CanAm and Grand Prix.

"The main reason we signed Jackie for the CanAm is to have someone on our team to lead us against Porsche and Donohue," Mayer said. "Like us, Porsche is used to winning, and therefore we take their challenge very seriously. And with Jackie setting the standard, Denny Hulme and the whole crew will give their all to equal it.

"Ken Tyrrell, Jackie's entrant-manager in Grand Prix racing, summed up Jackie very well last winter at a dinner," Mayer went on. "He said, 'Jackie has a reputation for being difficult, uncompromising, demanding, big-headed and the highest paid driver of all time. I can confirm all these things.' But then Tyrrell added, 'When the flag drops, the bull stops, and when the flag drops, it's a nice, comfortable feeling to have Jackie on your side.'"

"The race spectators," says Mayer, "will get a rare opportunity to see Hulme and Stewart in equal cars. Denny Hulme will have the chance to show what he can do, and Jackie will be able to show that it just isn't the car that wins the race."

Hulme turned 36 this winter, which makes him a year older than Donohue and two years older than Stewart. Denny's father was a quiet,

strong, fiercely competitive man who went out and won Britain's Victoria Cross in World War II while Dennis still was a schoolboy back in New Zealand. But the son inherited all the father's traits. Hulme got his first big break when he went to work for Jack Brabham, the famed Australian World Champion, as a mechanic. He got another one when he joined up with Bruce McLaren. When Bruce was killed testing a CanAm car in 1970, Hulme became team leader.

"Teddy Mayer got a 'bagging' for hiring Jackie into the CanAm team with me," Hulme said, "but, hell, winning is the name of the motor-racing game these days. You really can't afford to be in it if you're not armed to the teeth. We're sort of Avis and Hertz all mixed up—we're No. 1 so we've got to try harder all the time." Denny ran his hands through his thinning hair. "CanAm racing is great, though, don't get me wrong. I suppose the thing I like most is the lack of constant pressure that there is in Formula One. Jackie is a far different guy here than he is in Formula One, and people probably notice a difference in me, too. In Europe it's all tension, and you're very much aware that this is *it*, this is the top of the tree and the whole world is watching. The world may be watching in the CanAm, but it isn't regarded as the pinnacle of racing as is the Grand Prix, and because of that you do the job better and enjoy it more. It's like a professional golfer or tennis player doing a charity appearance—he'll open up his game and turn on some real entertainment that he couldn't afford to display in a tournament."

There will be a new car to play with this year—Penske's Donohue Porsche. But Hulme is confident that

his and Stewart's driving skill will bring home the victories, and not the Penske-Donohue-Porsche engineering. "I believe there is a definite breakoff point with a CanAm car," Hulme says, "a point at which you simply can't go any faster no matter how hard you try. In a Formula One car, you always have an impression that there is just a little bit extra still there to be squeezed out. You talk yourself along the ragged edge of control and crashing, and you can't get that feeling of putting it all together on a really quick lap that you can get in the CanAm machine."

And the proof that Denny knows what he's talking about is in the record book. Of Team McLaren's 49 victories through 1971, Hulme has won 20 of them, including three last season when Revson wasn't winning. Hulme also was second to Revvie and "that little Scotsman" four times, third once; he dropped out of the remaining two races.

The dominance of team and man are even more startling as you look at the records for each track. Running them down in the order that this year's races will be run, Mosport, Canada, comes first. There McLaren is four for five, including two victories for Hulme, one of those last season.

At Road Atlanta, actually in Gainesville, Georgia, where the CanAm circus will gather July 8-9, McLaren has won one of two races held, Revson taking last year's.

At Watkins Glen, New York, where the series will visit July 22-23, McLaren is three for three. Bruce McLaren won in 1969, Hulme in 1970, Revson in 1971.

At Mid-Ohio, the Lexington course that will host the August 5-6 CanAm card Hulme has won two of the three races. Last year Stewart took Mid-Ohio in his L&M Lola.

At Road America in Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin, Team McLaren is king, with five victories in five starts, including two for Hulme and a 1971 win for Revson. The CanAm will be in Elkhart August 26-27.

At Donnybrook in Brainerd, Minnesota, (Continued on page 96)

“Bobby and Me”



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Looms The Mad Stork

As a child, Ted Hendricks always shied away from fights. "I can remember telling him to hit back," says his mother, "but he wouldn't."

So how does a pacifist become an All-Pro linebacker?

BY BILL BRAUCHER

When the Baltimore Colts open training camp in mid-July, Ted Hendricks, also known as "The Mad Stork," will be missing. The six-foot, seven-inch, 215-pound All-Pro linebacker will be in Panama, hopefully sipping something cool.

Although he hates the exhibition doldrums as much as anybody, Hendricks is not plotting a revolt. But he is also not above a little scheming.

"I've got a deal worked out to miss the first two weeks of camp," Hendricks said, grinning boyishly as though revealing a Satanic conspiracy. "I think the preseason camp is for rookies anyway. And owners, of course. I don't go into exhibition games willing to make the kind of physical and mental sacrifices necessary during the regular season."

So Hendricks has fixed it to serve his two weeks of active duty with the Florida arm of the National Guard. In Panama. And the Colts can't complain.

"They can't fine me, either,

Quarterbacks like Dallas' Craig Morton find Hendricks' six feet, seven inches a fearsome obstacle to throw passes over.

whether I'm signed or not," added Hendricks, whose original three-year contract expired May 1. "They can't fault a man for being in the Guard."

Ted's master plan for evading football drills and similar impositions evolved as an afterthought. He had first planned to do his Army stint in June with an earlier Panama-bound contingent. In fact he phoned coach Don McCafferty of the Colts for an official letter, informing Army brass that the services of Spec 4 Ted Hendricks would be needed in late July at Tampa, where the Colts train.

"I called coach Mac at eight on a Sunday morning," Hendricks said. "He's usually a mild-mannered guy, but I must have got him out of bed. His answers were extremely short."

His coach finally aroused and willing to write the letter, Ted then entertained second thoughts. He had forgotten about some exams he was scheduled to take in June at the University of Miami where he is majoring in math.

Hendricks never has been much for remembering details. Three

years ago when he married Jane Conrad Hartman, a fellow student at Miami, he neglected two routine items—the blood test and marriage license. When he realized that it would be too late to take care of these matters before the wedding date, the Hendricks couple-to-be sped from Miami to Folkston, Georgia, where folks don't rightly care about amenities. They were pronounced man and wife on May 16, 1969, the day before the scheduled wedding. They sped back down the Florida turnpike for an impressive exchange of vows at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, followed by a lovely reception at Riviera Country Club in Coral Gables.

If Hendricks occasionally acts like the absent-minded mathematics professor, he can also be quite resourceful, off the field as on it. A large brain, Ted had disposed of such child's play as calculus at Hialeah (Florida) High School, where he ranked 74th in a class of 1190. Among his reasons for enrolling at the University of Miami was the opportunity of taking an honors curriculum in mathematics with a psychology minor. That curriculum was also the reason he is still seeking a Bachelor of Science degree, which he figures to receive next year.

Since his university schedule called for exams in abstract algebra, psychology, computer math courses and other cerebral distractions the first week of June, he could not fulfill his National Guard commitment then, after all. "I didn't want to jeopardize my situation at the university under any conditions," he said. "Besides, after thinking about it, going to Panama in late July was ideal. I'd not only miss the worst part of preseason training, but I couldn't possibly be held accountable for it. Furthermore, I might not be signed by then. I wouldn't have to come to camp unsigned."

His original contract, escalating over three years and worth roughly \$100,000 plus a \$25,000 signing bonus, was negotiated by Mike Zarowny, a Miami attorney who

Looms The Mad Stork

CONTINUED

died two years ago. Off his definition as the foremost outside linebacker in the NFL, Hendricks sought a substantial raise. "With inflation, I've been making essentially the same salary for three years," he reasoned in April. "I'll work out the contract with the club myself. At least I'll try it. If things become too much of a burden to be ironed out, I'll line up somebody to represent me."

Hendricks started his negotiations in April from a much stronger position than he enjoyed as Baltimore's No. 2 draft pick and an uncertain commodity in 1969. Though he was the top college lineman in the country and won every accolade the University of Miami could bestow on an athlete, his elongated appearance and his position of defensive end perplexed some pro scouts. Where can you put a guy who stands 6-7 and weighs just 215 pounds (and less by late November), even if he does look like Charlton Heston proclaiming The Ten Commandments? Joe Thomas, then the Miami Dolphins' personnel director, drafted a defensive end on the first round, and gambled that Hendricks would still be available as a linebacker candidate on Miami's second round. Thomas lost, but the maneuver seemed reasonable at the time.

Upton Bell, the Metternich who looks like an altar boy, was then functioning as Baltimore's personnel chief. "He has the intelligence and reactions to be as good as he wants to be. He's a winner with a real chance to be a star," Bell said. Don Shula, serving what was to be his final Baltimore season as head coach before moving to Miami, held the same opinion.

So did Hendricks, who has a pleasantly droll touch. "The Colts

will never lose another Super Bowl," Ted announced, just like Charlton Heston, on January 28, 1969, the day he was drafted and soon after the Colts were victims of a Joe Namath-guaranteed upset in the Super Bowl.

The people of Miami believed Hendricks on face value. No home-grown athlete made such an impression before or since his era, which began at age 11 in the Optimist League of Virginia Gardens, a community adjoining Hialeah.

Even back then, however, Ted's off-field personality hardly seemed to match his aggressiveness on the field. Hendricks surprised his own mother, Angela, when he donned pads and helmet. "He has never been an aggressive person. He avoided fights as a child," she said. "I can remember telling him to hit back, but he wouldn't. He's quiet, doesn't say much, but he has to be doing something all the time. He's so fidgety he doesn't even sit still when he's talking on the phone."

Ted's mother is from Guatemala City, the capital of Guatemala, where Theodore Paul Hendricks was born on November 1, 1947. "We've lived in Miami 27 years, but I went home for the births of my two older children," explained his mother, the former Angela Bonatti of Austrian-Italian descent. Maurice (Sonny) Hendricks, a native of McAllen, Texas, met his wife in Guatemala when both were working for Pan American. Ted's sister is 22-year-old Sandy. Mark, 11, an avid Baltimore fan even before his brother was drafted by the Colts, is the only native Miamian.

"Citizenship reverts to the father's side, so I was born an American," Hendricks said. "I decided to stay one, too. You have a choice of declaring yourself when you're 21 if you're born out of the country. It wasn't much of a choice. I like it here."

His parents never missed a local game in the Optimist League where Ted started as a quarterback, at Hialeah High, where he was a two-way end, or at the university. In 1967 Mrs. Hendricks' Christmas

present was a trip to the Bluebonnet Bowl in Houston, Texas, where the Hurricanes lost to the University of Colorado.

By then their son was a national celebrity who had appeared on the Bob Hope and Ed Sullivan television shows and was the first UM performer to gain unanimous All-America honors, and all this as a junior.

Georgia fullback Ronnie Jenkins issued a complaint the year before that has been echoed by people assigned to do something about the 6-7 wraith that is Hendricks. "I can't say much about him," Jenkins announced after a 7-6 upset by Miami, the Bulldogs' only loss in 11 games, "because I never blocked him. It wasn't that I didn't try. I tried like hell. But because of his range, I never could get close to him."

After his sophomore season, Hendricks was a marked man. "He could be anything he wants to be," said UM coach Charlie Tate. "That's the kind of potential he has. Why, he could even be governor."

A typical Hendricks' college game took place in October 1967, at the raucous graveyard of visiting teams, Baton Rouge. "We're gonna knock Hendricks out of there for Stokley," (the LSU quarterback) was the slogan all week as Louisiana State prepared for the banshee defensive end and his otherwise very ordinary football squad.

Instead, the banshee was all over the place. Looming over the LSU quarterback all night, Hendricks twice forced Nelson Stokley to fumble at critical moments and in the fourth quarter he threw Stokley for a 14-yard loss when LSU had moved into field goal range and were just two points behind. Miami won, 17-15. After his second tumble Stokley had returned to the bench gesturing in anger. "Never mind what I was saying," he said after the game. "I don't normally use that kind of language. But you can guess, can't you? I'll give you a hint. Hendricks."

Despite his heroics, Hendricks remembers (*Continued on page 110*)

"Some Guys Have John Wayne; I Have Jimmy Cannon"

Please Turn Page



About Benny Bentley, last of the old-time fight hustlers, who hits the street today for the Chicago Bulls and other assorted enterprises, but whose heart still resides among the ashes of boxing

BY BOB GREENE

Ust a minute," says Benny Bentley as the phone rings. "Let me take this call, then I got something to show you. Just hold on." He picks up the phone. "Hello. Yeah, this is Bentley. I got no tickets at all, not a one. But wait a minute, for you I think I can scare up a couple. That's all right, don't thank me, the tickets'll be in your name at the box office." Bentley hangs up. "My tax accountant," he says. "How can I say no to him? He screws up one figure and I end up in jail."

Bentley is in the headquarters of the Chicago Bulls. He has been the Bulls' Publicity and Public Relations Director for the past six years, and of course he is good at it. Benny Bentley can hustle anything, he has done it for most of his 50 years, and a successful NBA club is no trick at all for him. But somehow, swiveling in his chair in the Bulls' offices at the Sheraton-Chicago, Bentley does not look right. After all these years, he is still a boxing man, and he does not fit in here.

"Yeah, but how can you fight it any more?" Bentley says. "Who do you have trying to run boxing? A bunch of guys who talk about images and ask you to write them out proposals. *Proposals!* A real fight man never wrote out a proposal in his life. Think about Al Weill. This man was not the best-liked human being ever to walk the earth, but he had a shrewdness in him you couldn't get at Yale or Harvard. You can't show me a Yale man who could take a crude kid like Marciano and make him the heavyweight champion of the whole

world. A man like Weill, he could tear your heart out for two-and-a-half percent. That's what you need in boxing, that kind of mind, not some guy in a button-down suit who's going to ask you for a *proposal*, for chrissake."

The phone buzzes again. Bentley picks it up, listens for a moment, then rolls his eyes toward the ceiling. There are a lot of ways to describe the man, but maybe Mike Royko of the *Chicago Daily News* put it best:

"Most people, when they think of a fight promoter, envision a burly man, wearing sunglasses, a diamond ring, houndstooth slacks, a wine-colored shirt, a white tie, a blue blazer and a cigar between his teeth. In the stereotype, the promoter talks like he was born near Humboldt Park and can snap your spine like a wishbone. As a matter of fact, that's the way Benny Bentley looks. I'm told he looked that way when he was nine years old."

Bentley lets the person on the other end of the line talk for a few seconds, then cuts in. "No," he says firmly. "Just no. I'm going to call Milwaukee and tell them to forget it. I told them I'd get tickets for those guys only if we had a check in the mail by today. The check's not here. They can forget it. They didn't pay, they get no tickets." He hangs up.

"I'm getting sick of this phone," he says. "Let's hit the street. Oh, wait a minute, I wanted to show you that thing." He reaches into a pile of papers on his desk. "Here," he says, "take a look at that."

It is a letter from Evel Knievel,

the daredevil motorcyclist. Knievel had been in town the week before, and he had hired Bentley to promote his visit. The letter is a handwritten thank you.

"How do you like that?" Bentley says. "He writes it himself. I tell you, he never got treatment like this in his life. Usually, some guy sends out a press release. Not that I'm putting it down, but who needs press releases? I hit the street. I use my ankles. A press release they can throw away. When I walk into the office, they have to say hello. Knievel never got better press in his life."

Bentley slips on a belted trench coat and a Rex Harrison hat. He sticks the cigar into his mouth. "The street," he says.

There are not many left like Benny Bentley. Now there are Public Relations Counsels, and Publicity Advisors, and Directors of Sports Information. But Bentley calls himself a press agent, just like he did back in the boxing days, and he knows that his real key product is himself.

He grew up on the West Side of Chicago, and as soon as he was old enough he got a job as a traveling nightclub MC. In 1949 he was hired as press agent for a Chicago fight club called the Marigold Gardens. When the International Boxing Club came into prominence, in the early 1950s, he was hired to handle publicity for the fights at the Chicago Stadium. Eventually he became publicity man for the entire IBC operation, then ring announcer for the major fights.

Then Izzy Kline, a matchmaker, left the IBC, and Bentley was named matchmaker for the Wednesday night television fights. He also made matches at the Chicago Stadium. He handled publicity at training camps for Rocky Marciano, Ray Robinson, Bobo Olson, Carmen Basilio and other big ones. But then the IBC ran into trouble, folded, and the decline of boxing followed soon after. Bentley tried to promote on his own, but had uneven luck. He began to do public-

ity for other sporting ventures, and finally found his present, lucrative position with the Bulls. Which he enjoys. Except that the Bulls are, after all, a basketball team, not a fighter.

Every day he drives downtown from his home in Rogers Park, on the far north edge of the city. There he lives with his wife and two teen-aged daughters, one middle-aged businessman among many in that residential area.

His neighbors could never fully know the life Bentley has led. They know he is big with the Bulls, and that he does other public relations work, too. He has handled the Roller Derby, and a benefit football game or two, and he has some steady accounts among Chicago restaurants.

But the boxing thing, that is a part of the indiscernible past for his neighbors. Yet, if they paid attention, they could see it in him. He still has the look of the training camps. The eyes are always moving. The cigar is in and out of his mouth 15 times every minute. He is not a big man, but he charges through life with absolute confidence, and absolute knowledge that there is some way to get everything

he wants. It is not possible to imagine Benny Bentley shrinking into the background of any scene. The action travels with him.

The ring announcer's voice has never left. Bentley can order dessert in a restaurant and make it sound like he is introducing the world's middleweight champion. Understatement is not a part of his style. A person is either one of the earth's greatest human beings, or a no-good sonuvabitch.

Benny Bentley feels that the rest of the world is his supporting cast. He will walk along a busy street at noontime, shouting his opinions and gesturing wildly. He is not at all self-conscious about the attention he draws. He accepts it as his due.

Occasionally, on a rare down moment, he will acknowledge that there are not many of his kind left. He will talk about the other boxing press agents, and only be able to come up with one or two names that are current. He speaks fondly of Muhammad Ali; it is clear that he believes that Ben Bentley and Ali are the only genuine articles left in a now-shoddy sport.

He still has his stories, though. All day long he can deal with rebound statistics and glossy pictures of Chet Walker and tickets that must be left for out-of-town basketball writers. But once in a while he gets away from it. Once in a while his memory stirs and brings back the boxing world.

Bentley's walking along Michigan Avenue now, talking loud to be heard above the cold wind. "The late, great, much-maligned James D. Norris," Bentley says. "That's what I call him. He was very maligned. Everybody had a bad word to say about him. But the IBC was a success, and when it died, boxing went. People realized how great James D. Norris was after his International Boxing Club was gone. When Norris was around, the check was always there, out front, before the fight. It gave the game stability. Forget the hoodlums. There have always been hoodlums in boxing. Norris inherited the hoodlums like Nixon inherited Vietnam. You

think he wanted them? Let me tell you something: Norris offered J. Edgar Hoover a million dollars over a period of ten years to become the czar of boxing. This is a fact. Norris had Walter Winchell approach Hoover with the offer. This is how serious Mr. Norris was about cleaning up boxing. But Hoover turned it down, said he didn't feel like leaving the FBI.

"I'm telling you, the feeling in those training camps was like nothing else on this earth. The rustic living! The camaraderie! The poker games! I remember at one training camp, every afternoon at three, Carmen Basilio would come up to the press room and we'd play poker until dinner time. Basilio's wife, she'd never let him have any money. But he'd sneak off with some of it, and he'd put it in his socks, right next to the ankle. He never said much, just looked at the cards. But every once in a while he'd bend over and he'd peel some money out of the stocking and toss it onto the table.

"That's when the boxing writers were really boxing writers. I was always in awe of those newspaper guys back then. Some guys have John Wayne; I have Jimmy Cannon. I could listen to his stories for hours. These genuine boxing writers were the greatest. Now that boxing's not a regular beat any more, you have a writer come out to cover a fight, and he's probably covered a tennis match two nights ago. He don't even know anything about boxing. He's probably never even been in a training camp."

Bentley goes on with his staccato delivery: "I remember once, we're up in Holland, Michigan, with Rocky Marciano. I know this barber back in the city, and I know the barber's a big fan of Marciano. So I figure it's a good gimmick, I bring the barber up to camp. I have him come in and cut the champ's hair. A good publicity thing, right?

"Well, he gets done with Rocky. Then the trainer decides he wants a haircut, so the barber cuts his hair. Then the manager. By this time everyone in (Continued on page 90)



Benny and friend Joe Louis. "I think maybe it can come back," he says of boxing. "Maybe the tide's going to turn again."

Dave Kingman: "YOU ARE A THING OF BEAUTY"

Giant manager Charley Fox coos lovingly about the potential of his awesome-looking young prodigy

BY ARNOLD HANO

The great drama—"How to Build a Third Baseman Out of Six and a Half Feet of Clay"—finished its road show on March 30 and, after a two-week delay, opened its first season. For five performances the star of the show won rave reviews, for the power of his portrayal rather than for how convincing he was in the title role. Then, as fate would have it, an injury to a supporting player forced the suspension of the show.

What I'm talking about is a young man named David Kingman—that's how his S-2 Louisville Slugger is signed—and how a leprechaun named Charley Fox decided to turn Kingman into a third baseman. At 6-6 and 215 pounds, Kingman was much too big to play third, according to the experts. A San Francisco writer said, during a Giants' spring training game: "Brooks Robinson's job is safe." Kingman was not about to replace Robinson or even Pete Ward in the hearts and minds of third base lovers. But that same writer also said, "Kingman's not with the Giants because of his glove. He's up here because of his bat."

So Dave Kingman, 22 years old, with never an inning of third base

behind him, big league or Little League, opened the season for the Giants at third. In the second game against Houston Fox smiled with pleasure at his wisdom in getting Kingman into the lineup; the new third baseman drove in six runs with a homer, a triple, a double and a single (they used to call it "hitting for the cycle;" they don't seem to anymore) to lead the Giants to a 10-6 victory. More or less incidentally, David Kingman committed no errors in the field.

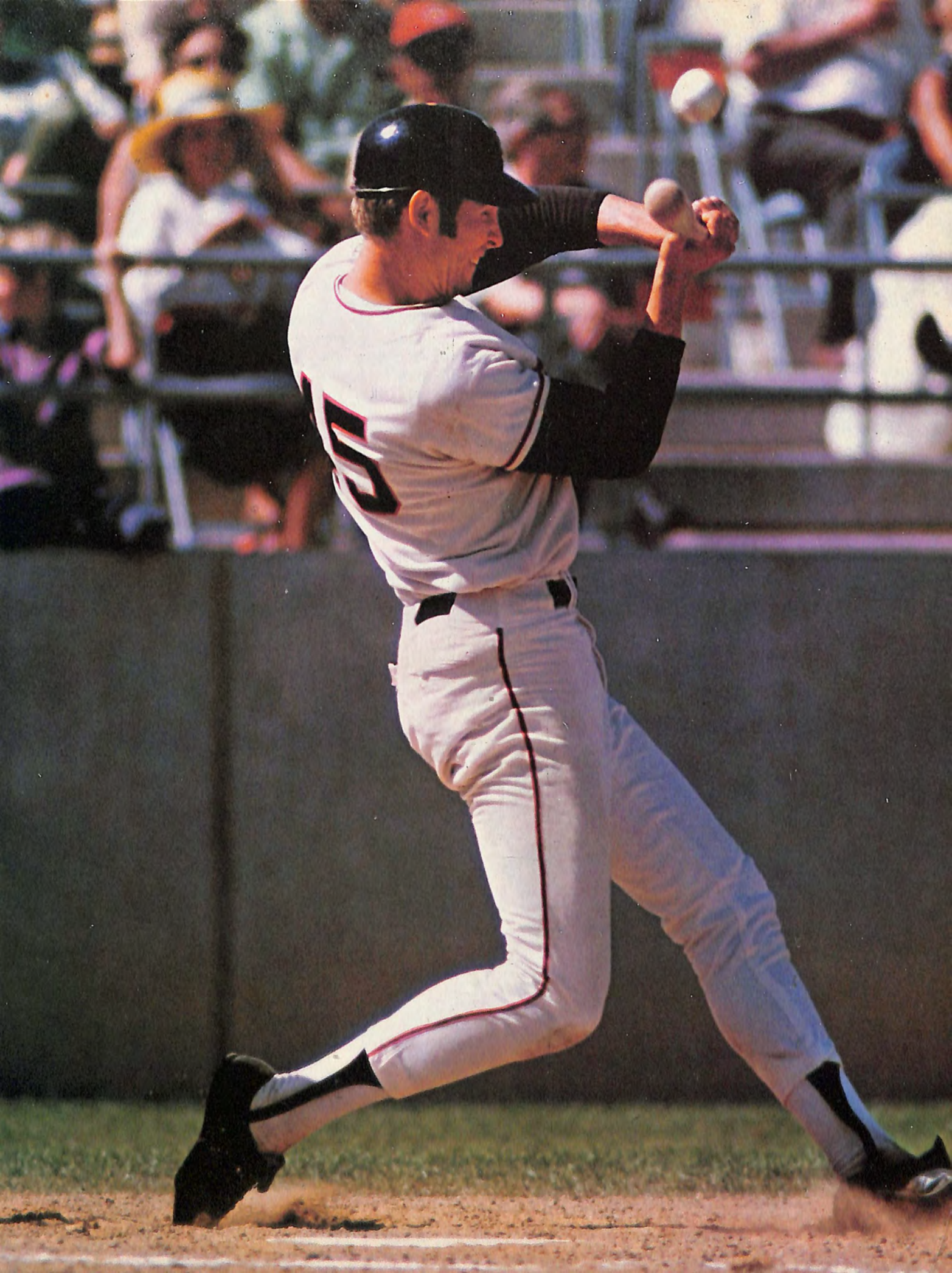
And then, in the season's fifth game, first baseman Willie McCovey broke his arm and the hearts of his San Francisco countrymen. Fox had to forget his grand experiment for a while, maybe two or three months. He shifted Kingman to first, putting last year's third baseman, Alan Gallagher, back into the lineup. But that doesn't mean the experiment is over; when McCovey returns Kingman will, more than likely, head back obediently to third.

With or without third base, Dave Kingman is a story. He's the Horatio Alger youngster who flies in from the hick town just in time to dress for the big game and a day later starts to challenge Babe Ruth's

place in history. But then cruel fate strikes and the young hero is rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. A mere 11 games later, still weak, he returns and hits a single, double and triple. Then comes the climax on the last day of the regular season, with Willie Mays on base and one of the league's best pitchers, Dave Roberts, on the mound. Horatio Alger hits a ball out of the park and wins a divisional title for his club. The landlord has been thwarted, the mortgage paid.

That's just the way it was for young Horatio Alger Kingman, this Goliath of a David. And the details of his dramatic appearance on the baseball scene last year hardly lessen the storybook quality.

On the night of July 29, 1971, Dave Kingman hit a home run in Spokane, where he was outfielding for the Phoenix Giants of the Pacific Coast League. This was home run number 26. With any luck at all, Kingman would break Andre Rodgers' home-run record of 31, set when the Phoenix club played in a bandbox. In other words, Kingman was becoming about as famous as your local barber. Still, hitting home runs at (Continued on page 36)



OLYMPICS '72

THE EMANCIPATION OF A JAVELIN THROWER

Welder, Navy petty officer, honor student at age 30, rebel—Bill Skinner has led an unconventional life. Even today, he will not allow a knife wound to stand in the way of his Olympic goal—and his personal freedom
BY GEORGE VECSEY

Bill Skinner has a scar on his stomach. He's aware of it, whatever he's doing, whether sipping his coffee or strolling the hillside campus of the University of Tennessee. But he can feel it most when he strains his king-size body to throw the javelin.

Until a knife penetrated his lower intestine last fall, there was no way, in Bill Skinner's mind, that he was not going to represent the U.S. at the Munich Olympics in September, perhaps even win a gold medal. But this spring he was struggling to rebuild his body for the Olympic trials that begin July 1; nothing was going to come easy anymore.

Perhaps the scar is just an unfortunate souvenir of a nasty encounter with four "grubby red-necks" in a parking lot. But it also seems symbolic of the abrupt changes in Bill Skinner's life, from a comfortable welder in Delaware with three Navy tattoos on his bulging arms to a controversial 30-year-old athlete in Knoxville, censured by his university and adopted by anti-establishment types, all for the rather minor gesture of growing a mustache.

Welder to rebel. It sounds so simple and dramatic, like Archie Bunker adopting the beliefs of his "meathead" son-in-law. But Bill Skinner doesn't fit any mold very



easily. Like most track and field athletes, he has developed a higher degree of self awareness than most team athletes do. And Skinner is the rarest of college students, the adult with a livelihood who went to college to learn rather than spend four social years playing the diploma game.

By doing so, this great big guy, with his clear, open face right out of a shirt advertisement or maybe a 1950 college yearbook, became the most dangerous of men—a self-made man who believed in all the freedoms that Americans always talk about. When a professor or a coach tried to infringe on those freedoms, big or small, Bill Skinner had the luxury of deep, honest indignation. Nobody believes harder than a convert.

Besides all that, he once threw his javelin 291 feet, 9½ inches, becoming the eighth best thrower in world history, which isn't too bad for a former sailor who saw his first track meet at 21 and touched the javelin for the first time at 23.

That long piece of metal, so difficult to grip, so hard to propel, took him from welder to college student and also brought him to Nelda Dunn, his new wife. It may bring him to the victory platform in Munich in September. And last year, in a strange way that almost seems predetermined, it brought him to that parking lot and the flashing knife that almost ended it all. But Skinner sees all the changes in his life as part of one great motion.

"If I die tomorrow—and I don't want to die tomorrow—at least I'll know that I always did what I wanted," he says. "I hope I always do."

He started doing those things back in the 1950s, when Dwight D. Eisenhower was President and the word "dropout" hadn't even been invented. A young man six feet, six inches tall, who could throw baseballs and footballs farther than just about anybody, figured to be impressed into the fabric of high school sports and social life. But Skinner never did like

team sports ("I'd get too mad if somebody else didn't play well") and he didn't like the classroom, either.

"I was just spinning wheels," he recalls. "The teachers just didn't care about the individual. In my senior year, I just couldn't take it anymore."

Bill's father was a union welder who had no particular plans for his five sons to attend college. But he insisted that Bill join the service and get his diploma and then study welding, so he could join the union when he got out. Pretty soon, Bill Skinner was a petty officer with "Homeward Bound" and the image of a rollicking sailor tattooed on his arm, a mustache on his upper lip and a paid tour of much of the world.

"I was in Italy in 1960 and me and a friend took a few days off and went to the Olympics in Rome. We sat right in front of the javelin area and I watched some huge Russian win the gold medal. It was the first track meet I ever saw."

The javelin had to wait a few more years. He tried the Delaware state troopers for a while and then he got his card in the Sheet Metal Workers International Union, where a man could make \$800 a week with overtime when the weather was good. In a short time he had a \$20,000 house, a car, a wife and a daughter, the start of a comfortable way of life.

Then Bill Reeder introduced another, complicating element into Bill Skinner's life. Reeder, a friend of Bill, threw the javelin, though not quite as well as the Russian in Rome, and not even as well as Bill Skinner, it turned out. On a friendly challenge, the big welder threw the javelin 179 feet on his first try. Then he threw it over 200 feet on the same day. Next week he finished second in the Delaware AAU meet. And then he started to learn the rudimentary techniques of throwing the javelin.

"My first javelin was an old metal one I found broken in a garbage can. I took it to the shop and welded it myself. My first pair of

spikes were an old pair of baseball shoes. I cut off the tips of some masonry nails and welded them to the baseball spikes. I felt like I was running on a cobblestone road but they were good enough, for a while."

Soon Bill Skinner was traveling around the country, competing against college men. His distance soared, from 223 feet in 1964 to 256 to 257 to 268. When people learned that he had never enrolled in a college, they began making offers. By now he was 28 years old.

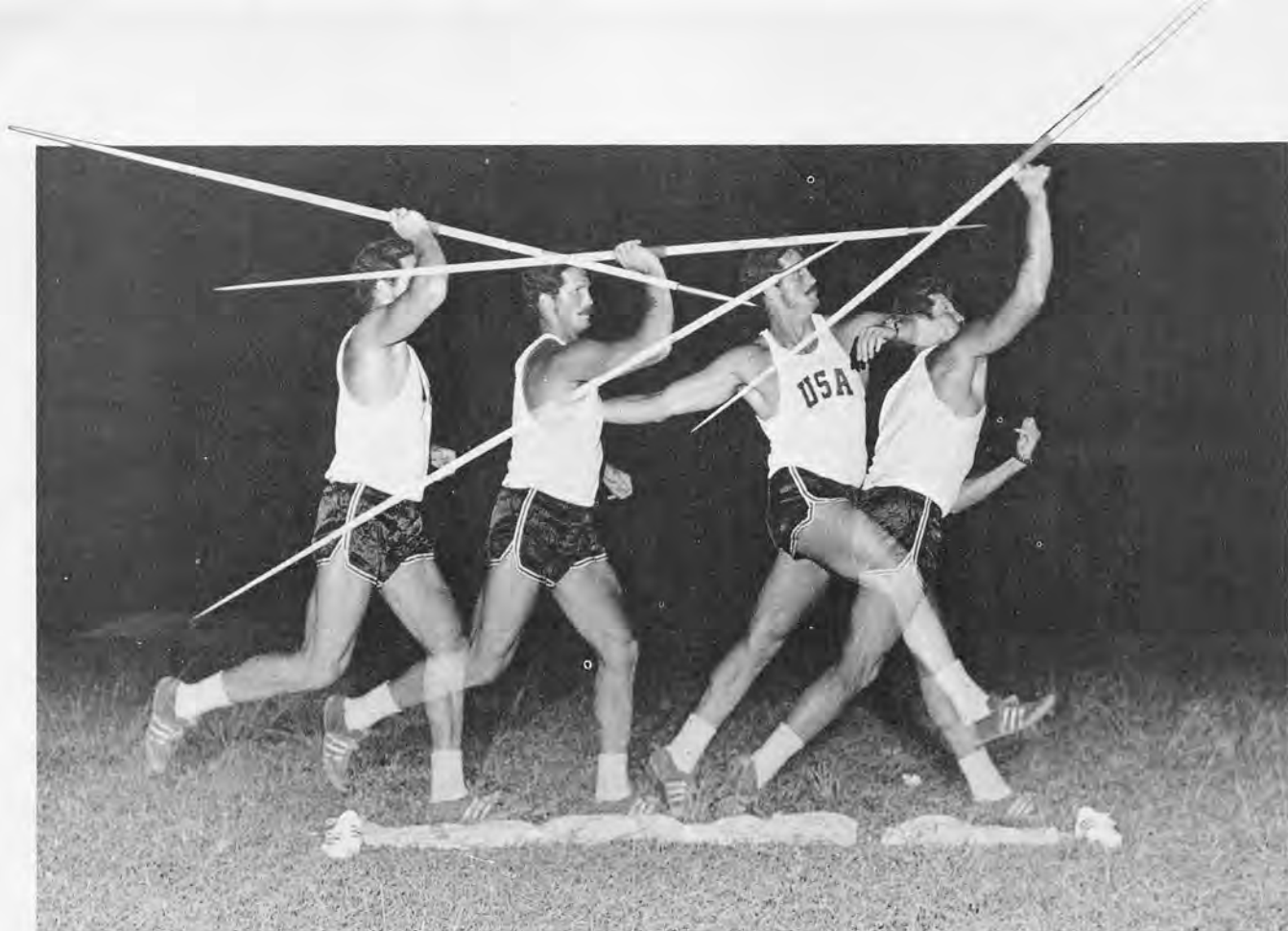
"I wanted to try different things in my life," he recalls. "This was a chance nobody in my family ever had. I didn't want to get to be 40 or 50 and kick myself in the butt because I didn't try it."

One day he packed up his wife and his daughter and they left Delaware for Knoxville, the start of a long, long journey for all of them.

The University of Tennessee is nestled on the side of a hill near downtown Knoxville, a weary city with all the common forms of pollution but with a gorgeous, lush, dogwood-blooming springtime that almost makes up for all of it.

Like most state universities, UT is the focal point for assorted boosters, rooters and patriots in the state. It is not known for its radicals. When President Nixon wanted to prove that he dared appear on a college campus after his invasion of Cambodia in 1970, he did not choose Berkeley or Columbia. He chose UT, during a Billy Graham crusade, before a hand-picked audience. A few hundred radicals tried to attract the President's attention, but Nixon proved his point. UT was safe territory for an invader of Cambodia.

Bill Skinner was on neither side in that one. Most likely he was in the library, reading a book. He had discovered "you could stand up and talk in college" and he was getting honor grades. He was also discovering that football players did not have to attend classes to get passing grades, or receive their blocks of football tickets, which they then peddled for profit. And



Before his injury, Skinner was ranked fourth among the world's javelin throwers and was hitting 240 feet consistently.

Skinner began having a few tiny questions about the system. And little things kept happening to him.

First, there was the day Skinner drank a glass of beer. No big deal, since his father had been giving him beer at mealtimes since he was a child, without stunting his growth. Now he was almost 30 and a college scholarship athlete and he drank a glass of beer on the day of a track meet.

A man of his 240 pounds could undoubtedly handle a six-pack like a glass of water, but he didn't get around to that. An assistant coach, two years younger than Skinner, tattled to the head coach, Chuck Rohe, who said he couldn't have double standards for boys and men, that scholarship rules had not been written with 30-year-olds in mind and that was the way it was.

Next, there was the college professor who casually told his pupils to write an essay about their "phi-

losophy of life." Skinner happened to have a real philosophy—do what seems right, don't be afraid of changes—but the professor gave him a "C."

"I couldn't believe it," Skinner said. "How could he give grades for people's philosophies? He said he gave me a 'C' because I didn't use footnotes. He wanted me to read somebody else's ideas and repeat them, I guess."

Those little episodes should have prepared Skinner for the main event, which was coming up. It was a bad time for him all around. His brother, just back from Vietnam, died in a car crash. His marriage broke up. (He says little about the marriage besides expressing understanding for his first wife.) And when the spring semester ended, he grew a mustache, "just as a protest for a lot of little things."

The big protest came from the coaches in the athletic department. Skinner got the word that he could not participate in the NCAA championships unless he shaved

off his tiny mustache. Under pressure, Skinner decided not to jeopardize his scholarship so he applied razor to upper lip.

Then he travelled to the NCAA championships where the javelin event didn't even fit in the stadium but was held "between the interstate and a creek, throwing toward a power station." The few diehards who straggled over to watch the javelin event did not seem to care if the winner had mustache.

Skinner went off to Europe on the U.S. team that summer, threw 291-9½ in Stuttgart, and came back to Knoxville with a great red bristly handlebar mustache, right out of the good old days, resembling, in fact, half the explorers, governors and other great men in the Tennessee archives. But this was a bad age for hair. Hair meant you were a hippie, Communist weirdo.

"I knew I was in for problems," he recalls, "when Bob Woodruff (the athletic director) walked by me 34 times before he said hello. I counted every snub."

Then there was Ray Mears, the



With the help and inspiration of his wife Nelda, Bill was working intensely to recover his stamina, strength and timing.

staff, the money-making hub of most universities, seemed to be against hair the most. After all, if one 30-year-old ex-sailor could wear a mustache, every 19-year-old linebacker would want one, too.

"We think a lot of Bill Skinner," said Bob Woodruff. "A most impressive fellow. He can whip anyone at school. He sure can grow a great handlebar mustache. A fine student. But we have rules of conduct and appearance. At the beginning of the year, all the coaches met and set the rules and the athletes were asked if they agreed. It's a voluntary program. Maybe the coaches will all get together again and change the rules, or make an exception for Skinner. Actually, I don't think hair is the issue here. He's just got some personal problems to work out."

Skinner missed his final season at Tennessee and was not allowed to defend his NCAA title. This must have been somewhat embarrassing to UT, since his picture had been used on the cover of the *NCAA Track and Field Guide*—clean-shaven, of course. Now the university had to explain to people why Skinner was competing for the New York Athletic Club instead.

"He's a great competitor," said Ray Lumpe, athletic director at the NYAC. "You can't treat athletes the same way you could ten or 15 years ago. Some people just haven't learned to adjust."

Now it was Skinner's time to adjust. He was finishing up his senior year and taking some welding jobs to support himself. "Physically, I'm in as good shape as I've ever been," he said at the time. "Mentally, though, I just haven't been able to relax. It's real depressing to be around Knoxville. You have the feeling you're not wanted and I'm fed up with the whole system."

He was even getting fed up with talking about the mustache.



"Look, my mother doesn't like it, my girl doesn't like it. I know I'm going to get tired of it soon. But you have to take a stand someplace."

Skinner's girl was Nelda Dunn, a skilled buyer for Miller's, the leading department store in Knoxville. (Author's note: I know that women's lib doesn't appreciate male chauvinist pig writers making breathless descriptions of women's appearances, but I've got to tell the world that Nelda Dunn is a stunning redhead, close to six feet tall, with a soft southern Tennessee accent formed in a childhood of buttermilk and cornbread and fresh vegetables on the family farm near Chattanooga. Sorry, libbers.)

"People ask me, 'Why is Bill doing it? Doesn't he want to throw for Tennessee?'" Nelda said. "But Bill doesn't want the people of Tennessee to feel it's anything against them. It's just that there are some personal freedoms he doesn't want to give up."

After he was graduated with honors in (Continued on page 97)

basketball coach. Skinner used to act as Mears' bodyguard when UT traveled to Vanderbilt and other hostile territory. Where Mears once had praised Skinner openly, now, according to Skinner, he lectured his basketball team on "what a bad guy I had become."

After four days of the mustache, Skinner was asked to leave the training table, where the athletes get their large portions of meat. He later learned that the university could not take away his scholarship or his other benefits because of his mustache. So it became a matter of principle that he keep the mustache.

"I don't want to be stereotyped as a hippie or a radical," he said. "I'm just an athlete, that's all. There are few things in life you can do on your own and enjoy—and I'm tired of people telling me I can't do this little thing. They're invading my privacy."

After some meetings and plenty of attention from the press, the lines seemed to harden. The weighty presence of the football

Buffalo, New York, at the tail end of winter, with the hockey season down to the last few games before the playoffs. Buffalo, where the decor is industrial grime, and where Culture is what you buy on the installment plan—350 horsepower and four-on-the-floor.

But tonight, for Rick Martin, it's Dodge City, Tombstone. There'll be violence down at the arena to-

night, so who needs Leonard Bernstein? When the music is skates scraping to rhythmic grunts and thuds and gloves hitting the ice, you need Bobby Orr. And who needs Bobby Orr when Rick Martin nets 44 goals and 74 total points in his first pro season?

The Buffalo Sabres, that's who.

At 5-11, 165, Rick relies on finesse to get the puck past beefy Philadelphia defenders Bill Clement and Brent Hughes.



Hockey's Rookie Executioner

In 1971-72, the Sabres' Rick Martin scored 44 goals—best ever for a first-year-man. "Around the nets," says his coach, "there's no one that executes deadlier"

Despite Martin and centerman Gil Perreault, Buffalo had a losing record. But because of Martin and Perreault, the Sabres won at the box office.

In terms of attendance, then, Buffalo is a nice place to play hockey, but you wouldn't want to live there, right? So Rick and most of the other Sabres live across the Rainbow Bridge in Ft. Erie, Canada, among matchbox ranches with front yards that spill toward picket fences, on streets where a dog can pause without getting trampled by 350 hp of Culture. Along with teammate Randy Rasmussen, Rick rents a quaintly archaic little house set on a hill: Veranda-style front porch, bay windows and red brick-ing halfway up the walls.

Last night, against the Penguins, Rick had scored his record-setting 44th goal. On the power play, with the Sabres losing, 3-2, he had taken a drop pass from Perreault and drilled a 20-footer between two defensemen. Tonight, against Minnesota, Martin can shatter a second rookie record by increasing his 72 points by a goal or an assist. He is a hot property, neck-in-neck with Montreal's Ken Dryden for Rookie-of-the-Year honors. And as I stomp over the snow, up the steps to the wooden veranda, I anticipate a house full of noise, with jangling telephones, sexy whispers welling up from buxom chests. After all, Rick Martin is 20 years old and the best shot in town. "Around the nets, there's no one that executes deadlier than Rick Martin," says Buffalo's interim coach Joe Crozier. The executioners—Hull, Orr, Esposito and now Martin—are where the action is.

But my vision of *La Dolce Vita*

French-Canadian style is short-lived. Inside the house is darkness. Among the shadows, Rick Martin is putting a golf ball from one end of his living room to the other. His sand-traps are small rugs embroidered with horses' heads. Light filters from the ceiling through a box-chandelier etched with equestrian scenes. It could be a stage-set for *Gunsmoke*; Rick is Marshal Dillon.

Between putts, Rick tells me that the husband of the house's owner trained thoroughbreds. "Keeping the pressure off my back," he adds to explain why he is putting over horses in his living room. Golf club in hand, he is concentrating. Above the wiry body (in pressed gray slacks and tapered sports shirt) is a Gallic face, a slightly rumpled nose. Sideburns creep below his ears. Heavy eyebrows cast a tough, brooding look into his face. He is Jean Paul Belmondo in a John Wayne epic.

The first memorable scene in Rick's own "movie" was set at a convent in the Montreal suburb of Ville LaSalle, across the street from his family's duplex. It was Christmas and four-year-old Rick had gotten his first pair of skates. His two older sisters attended school across the street at the convent. Now they took Rick, with his new skates, to the pond next to the school. And on double-runners, wedged in between two nuns on skates, Rick Martin had his hockey baptism. The rest of it is standard NHL fare. At eight, with the Ville LaSalle team, he played his first organized hockey. At 15 a coach converted him from center to left wing, because of his devastating wrist shot and his explosive burst of skating speed. At 16 he was playing for the Tetford Mines team. At 17 he was a member of the Montreal Junior Canadiens. His 71 goals and 50 assists for 121 points in the 1971 season earned him the top spot in last year's amateur draft. Having attended a full year at Sir George Williams College in Montreal, he quit to sign with the Sabres.

It wasn't just money that made him happy to sign with Buffalo. "Rick is not the guy who is going to create the scoring situation," says Punch Imlach, the Sabres' coach who is currently recuperating from a heart attack. "But he is the guy who is going to take advantage of it for you." Rick will finish what someone else starts—he is the master executioner. And Buffalo already had Gil Perreault, the NHL's Rookie of the Year in 1971. And Martin and Perreault had played on the Junior Canadiens together for three years.

"I know where he goes," Rick says. "I know what he's going to do, so I can anticipate where I should go. And he knows my game, too, so it works both ways."

But recently, Rick complains (while he putts in the general direction of his fireplace), he's been having trouble executing. His aim has been off, the puck won't go in the nets. And he's playing at home tonight. And all season long he's scored better on the road than at home. Why? Well, in Buffalo—the Dodge City frontier of NHL expansion—facilities can be chaotic. The Sabres play their home games at the arena in Buffalo, but practice at a rink in nearby Amherst, New York. "Gil and I need a lot of room to skate," Rick says, "and our practice rink is a pretty good size. But our regular rink is the smallest in the league. At practice we can do all sorts of free-skating maneuvers. I can sweep in wide toward the net, for instance. Then come the games," he adds, "and we can only use a few set plays, 'cause there's no room to do anything spontaneous."

Nor is there room for spontaneity in his private life. "You're in the limelight, you can't help it," Rick says. "But stay in it and you get burned. So if you want to score 40-plus goals, you avoid the women, all the other people who want to use you. People don't understand—there's really no glamor. It's a job."

Twelve straight days on the road, flying in the night before a game and

out right after it. Fans pressing so close for your autograph it's claustrophobic. "People think an athlete's life is easy," he says. "But most of the guys in the NHL would gladly change places with anyone on the outside who has a decent, steady job. Here you can get hurt, you can lose your scoring touch. You're on top today, you're nowhere tomorrow."

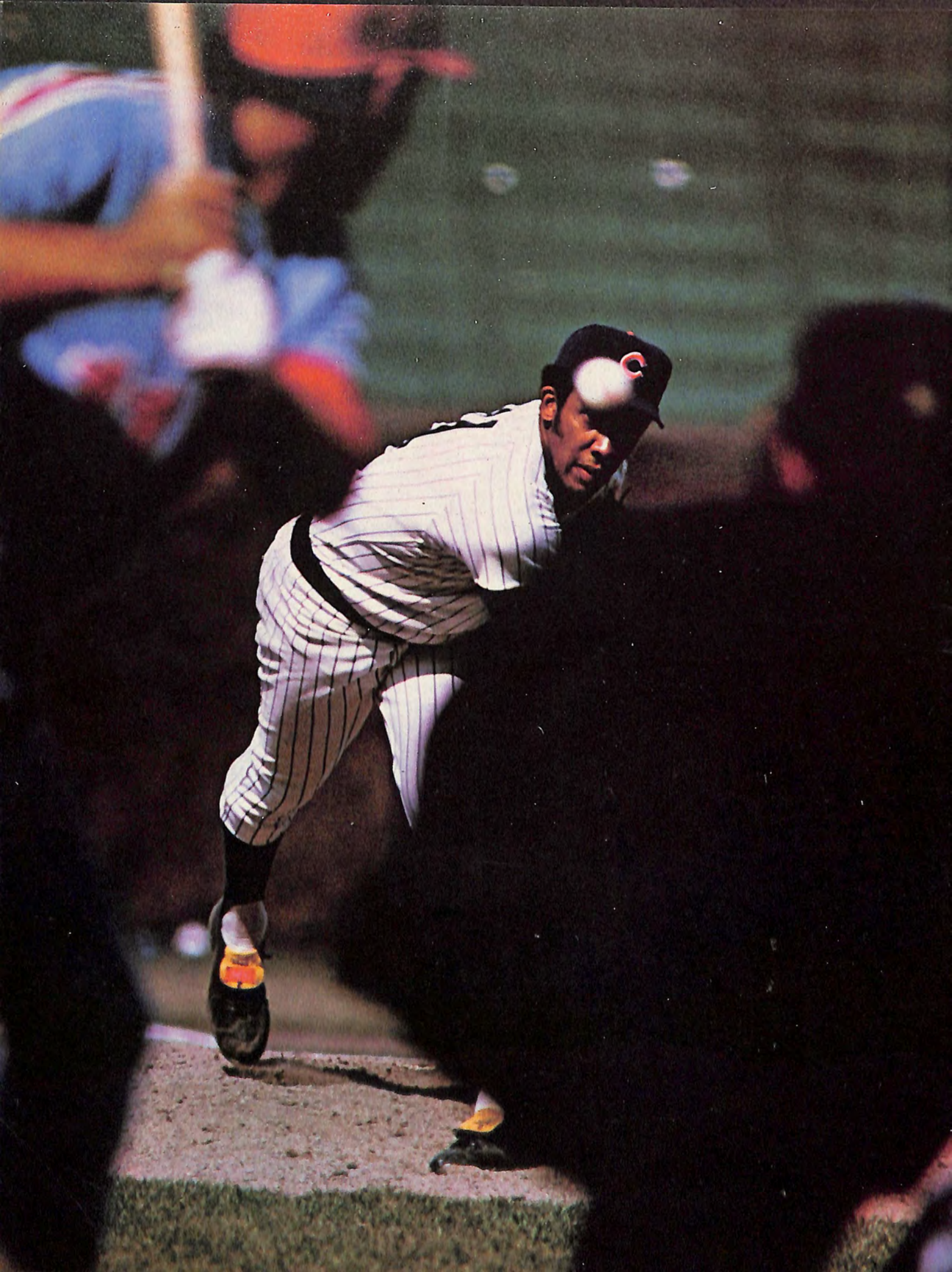
Tonight, against the Minnesota North Stars, Martin and Perreault are a horizontal tandem; Rick becomes Gil's shadow on the wing as the centerman dekes his way toward the net. Time after time Perreault swoops in, his momentum still in front of him, but his stick sweeping a pass to Martin in the left corner. Rick's wrists snapping so hard you expect to hear them, he blasts a tremendous shot at goalie Cesar Maniago. But blocked, or high, or an inch off the nets. Rick doesn't play defense yet (Imlach lets his rookies work only one end of the ice), but he's back on his own ice to pick up the puck and feed defenseman Mike Robitaille, whose pass to Rene Robert results in a goal at 17:40 of the second period. The game ends in a 4-4 tie, but Rick has scored his historic 73rd point.

Detroit's Marcel Dionne later breaks Rick's rookie record for total points. But Rick still has his sensational 44 goals—and vacation plans with goalie Roger Crozier to golf at Pompano Beach, Florida. Back at his house, Rick says, "I'm just going to relax. No hockey, no tension, just relaxation." He lines up the ball with the practice cup set in front of the fireplace. "Just some easy fun out playing golf," he adds, punctuating his comment with a tiny swing that sends the ball toward the cup, then off to the side to stop inches away.

Rick stares at the ball. He shakes his head in disgust. He taps the floor irritably with his golf club.

"Maybe by the end of the summer you'll need hockey to relieve the tensions of golf," I offer.

Rick looks at me like I'm a hockey puck. —Don Kowet



SPORT SPECIAL

He's won 20 or more games five years in a row — on stamina, courage, and the conviction he can beat *anyone, anytime.*

FERGUSON JENKINS: THE TRIUMPH OF SELF-DISCIPLINE

BY DON KOWET

It was opening day for the Chicago Cubs, at home against the Philadelphia Phillies. Outside the sky was dark, ominous. Through the morning, wind and rain had worked the streets like brazen muggers. Cynical gusts sucked umbrellas inside out; the downpour battered fans en route to Wrigley Field. Eleven days ago, when the season had been scheduled to start, the forecast had been fair and dry. But the baseball strike had forced a postponement. And now the wind was howling, angry. So were the fans.

Getting out of a taxi, I entered Wrigley Field by the press gate, then turned left down a long passageway to the Cubs' clubhouse. Inside I recognized first baseman Jim Hickman—tall, sandy-haired, slim. In the mindless confines of that damp cellar he was arguing the pros and cons of the Vietnam war. Joe Pepitone, with New York built into his voice, was combing his "hair" and delivering a monologue on a more crucial event: Himself. Meanwhile, young ballplayers with unfamiliar faces were chattering nervously, waiting to sign the allotment book for game tickets. Overall, the clubhouse was like an army barracks stuffed with draftees. Most of them would

If Jenkins (here fastballing a Philly batter) is off, says Frank Lucchesi, he'll "beat you by just throwing strikes."

rather be somewhere else, but were nonetheless grateful for having been drafted into the quartermaster corps, while buddies back home were stuck in front line industrial-commercial trenches—driving trucks, selling life insurance.

Of course, there were officers among the enlisted. Third baseman Ron Santo was at his locker, juggling a top shelf full of shaving cream and deodorant and liniment. Billy Williams, another superstar, sat nonchalantly on a stool, waiting. Why rush? He'd been taking this trip every April since 1960.

"Every fella who's had big years in the big leagues tends to be on the quiet side," Williams was telling me. "You like to go out there and perform, you don't like to talk about it. And the best ballplayers tend to let the work they do on the field do the talking for them."

As if on cue, the clubhouse door opened and Ferguson Jenkins blinked into the 100-watt glare reflected off grey lockers, grey stools, grey men.

A first impression: a big-boned guy, 6-5 and 205. A face with straight even features framed by black hair tight to the scalp. And when he moves it's with the loping shuffle-step you expect from Earl Monroe rather than Sandy Koufax. Another detail: He's the

only Cub who comes to the park wearing suit, tie and dress shirt.

"I have a superstition about wearing a suit the day I pitch," he says, slipping out of his clothes in preparation for a rubdown. His voice is a baritone, with no accent whatsoever, Canadian or black. "You're a major-league ballplayer, earning a big salary. You dress the part the day you pitch."

It's a detail that captures my imagination. Sympathetic magic—to pitch like a major-leaguer you have to dress like one. And it figures. Ferguson Jenkins leaves nothing to chance.

On his way to the training room Fergie exchanges greetings with Billy Williams, then climbs onto the table, a towel over his middle. While the trainer rubs hot liniment on his right arm, Fergie says: "I was really in great shape in the middle of March, I was ready to go. Today I want to go only six innings."

"As many or as few as you want, Fergie," the trainer tells him, kneading Fergie's arm like a baker palming his dough. "Five, six—you be the judge."

"I'm going six innings," Fergie replies. "No less, no more."

"Right," the trainer says. "Six innings, whatever you say."

It wasn't always that way. "When I first came up, Ferguson Jenkins wasn't established. Ferguson Jenkins had to do pretty much what other people wanted him to do." We were sitting in the living room of Fergie's two-bedroom apartment in a suburb of Chicago. Modern decor, plush-pile carpeting—standard middle-Canadian, except for trophies and a pair of German Shorthair pups (bred for hunting) and three telephones ringing intermittently. Fergie's daughters—Kelly Lorraine, two, and Dolores Rene, one—are out with wife Kathy, a high school sweetheart from a town nearby Fergie's native Chatham, Ontario. "I guess the big break came a couple of years ago, in '69," Fergie says. "I got hit pretty good before a series with Cincinnati, and got taken out. A couple of days later, against the Reds, Leo came up and asked me to pitch out of the rotation. I told him: 'No, my arm isn't ready yet, I need another day's rest.' He had a few choice words for me, but I didn't let it bother me. Instead, he pushed Dick Selma up in the rotation and Selma went about three innings before he really got ripped. Then, in my proper turn, I went out and beat Cincinnati easy, 3-1."

And his relations with Durocher now? "Fine," Fergie says. "I almost never see him, and when I do he almost never talks to me."

Why Durocher lets Jenkins march to his own drummer is obvious. Last year was Fergie's fifth con-

secutive 20-game season. In five years, beginning with 1967, he has posted records of 20-13, 20-15, 21-15, 22-16 and 24-13. Even Durocher doesn't argue with success—although it was achieved with a minimum of fanfare.

Says Jim Hickman: "There are some guys who holler a lot and the press is attracted by the noise. While someone like Fergie," he adds, "who can talk but isn't going to chase after you trying for controversy—he gets overlooked."

Ironically, when Jenkins finally got the recognition he deserved, as the 1971 Cy Young award winner, a contributing factor to his selection may have been backlash engendered by a pitcher who did too much hollering.

After Tom Seaver had won his 20th game last season he told reporters: "I feel that I'm the best pitcher in baseball, I really do. I've been looking through the records and I don't think I've had but two bad days all year. I've been consistent and quite honestly I feel I've pitched as well as anyone can." There's no one who is more aware of the value of awards as leverage in salary negotiations or as magnets for endorsements than Tom Terrific.

Jenkins, on the other hand, perennially ignores the winter banquet circuit, preferring to hide away in hunting lodges with his dogs, his guns and his family. For four years the Cy Young selectors had passed him by and he had never bothered complaining. But Seaver, he felt at the time, was out of line. "The best pitcher in baseball? I don't see where Seaver rates with me," he said before the selectors voted. "He's won 20 only twice. I've done it five times."

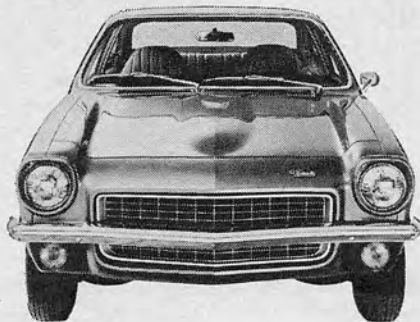
Likewise, Seaver's energetic campaign for the award struck some members of the Cy Young selection committee as arrogance. To be fair to Seaver, some of those baseball writers, manning the provincial outposts, had for years resented Seaver's status as the darling of the Manhattan-based media.

Still, there were cogent arguments as to why Jenkins should rate over Seaver. In 1971, Jenkins worked 325 innings, high for his league; Seaver worked 286 innings. Furthermore, Fergie started 39 games (tied for the highest total in the majors) and managed to complete an astonishing 30 of them, compared to Seaver's 21 completions out of 35 starts. Tom led the league in strikeouts and earned run average, but the Cy Young selectors had more than an adequate case for Jenkins.

"The day after I got news of the award," Fergie says now, "Seaver and I had a radio conversation. He said his beef was that a number of voters had left him completely off the ballot, not that I had got the award."

"But," I remind him, trying to cut through a veil of diplomacy, "Seaver *did* say that he was the *best*

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pitcher."

Fergie smiled broadly. "I'm not taking anything away from Tom," he said. "He's gonna win his ballgames. Maybe he is the best. All I am saying," he added carefully, "is that I am the *winningest* pitcher in both leagues."

Thus he had managed to praise and damn Seaver in the same breath.

But there are other explanations (besides the fact that Fergie never won awards) for his virtual obscurity after five 20-game seasons. "For a long time Ernie Banks was the big guy here," says Billy Williams. "Everybody went to him, it was the normal thing. He'd been in the league 18 years, he had over 500 home runs. Take the Braves when they had Eddie Mathews and Warren Spahn—the tendency there was to overlook Hank Aaron. And I think Fergie and I have gotten trapped in that same bag," he adds.

Jenkins, however, has a different explanation. "I think the ballclub has to exploit its stars," he argues, "and the Cubs haven't done it. Chicago, to begin with, is not what they call an 'advertising city,' like New York or Los Angeles. So while there are some super ballplayers, super athletes in this city, only one of them gets promotion—Bobby Hull. Even Ernie Banks never got the recognition here he deserved. The ballclub never did it, not for Ernie, not for me. Jenkins was always around. Jenkins was ready to pitch. Jenkins would win his games—and that was where it ended!"

Fergie was born 28 years ago, in Chatham, Ontario, Canada. His ancestors had been slaves and had escaped to Canada on the first "underground" railroad north, halfway through last century. Fergie's father had spent his winters as a chef on the steamers that plied the Great Lakes, playing semipro baseball every summer. When Fergie (an only child) was born, his father settled down in Chatham to a variety of stable and fairly remunerative chauffeur jobs.

But it was Fergie's mother who would become the inspiration of his life. From Fergie's birth she was blind. "There were certain things as a youngster that I was supposed to do," Fergie recalls. "Pick up toys, don't leave things out. . . . There were times when I'd leave chairs out, and she would sense that furniture had been moved in the room. 'Ferguson,' she'd say, 'I think the chair's out, how about putting it where it belongs.' Then, before I could move, she'd get up, sense where the object was, and put it back in place."

"She was a member of the Blind Satoma Club in Chatham," Fergie says with pride. "She was the president two years and secretary of the chairman's committee three times. She held high scores for blind bowling—a score around 270. She used a guide-rail,

and I would be with her to tell her what was standing—the seven-pin, the nine-pin. . . . She loved sports," he adds in a dry matter-of-fact voice, "and she loved life—and she was dead at the age of 52."

Both Jenkins' mother and his father (with whom he is still extremely close, and who is now employed in public relations with the Holiday Inn Corporation) believed in setting firm goals in life. And the way to achieve those goals was by sticking to a slogan that his parents inundated him with throughout childhood: Whatever You Start, Finish. So when Fergie started school, it was only natural that he set his sights on a college education.

"I liked school," he says. "In high school I was a mechanical drafting special. I used to love to draw when I was young. I wasn't a genius in math, but I liked geometry. I just enjoyed working with T-squares and triangles. What I wanted to do, of course, was attend school in western Ontario. But then baseball entered the picture, and schooling fell into the background."

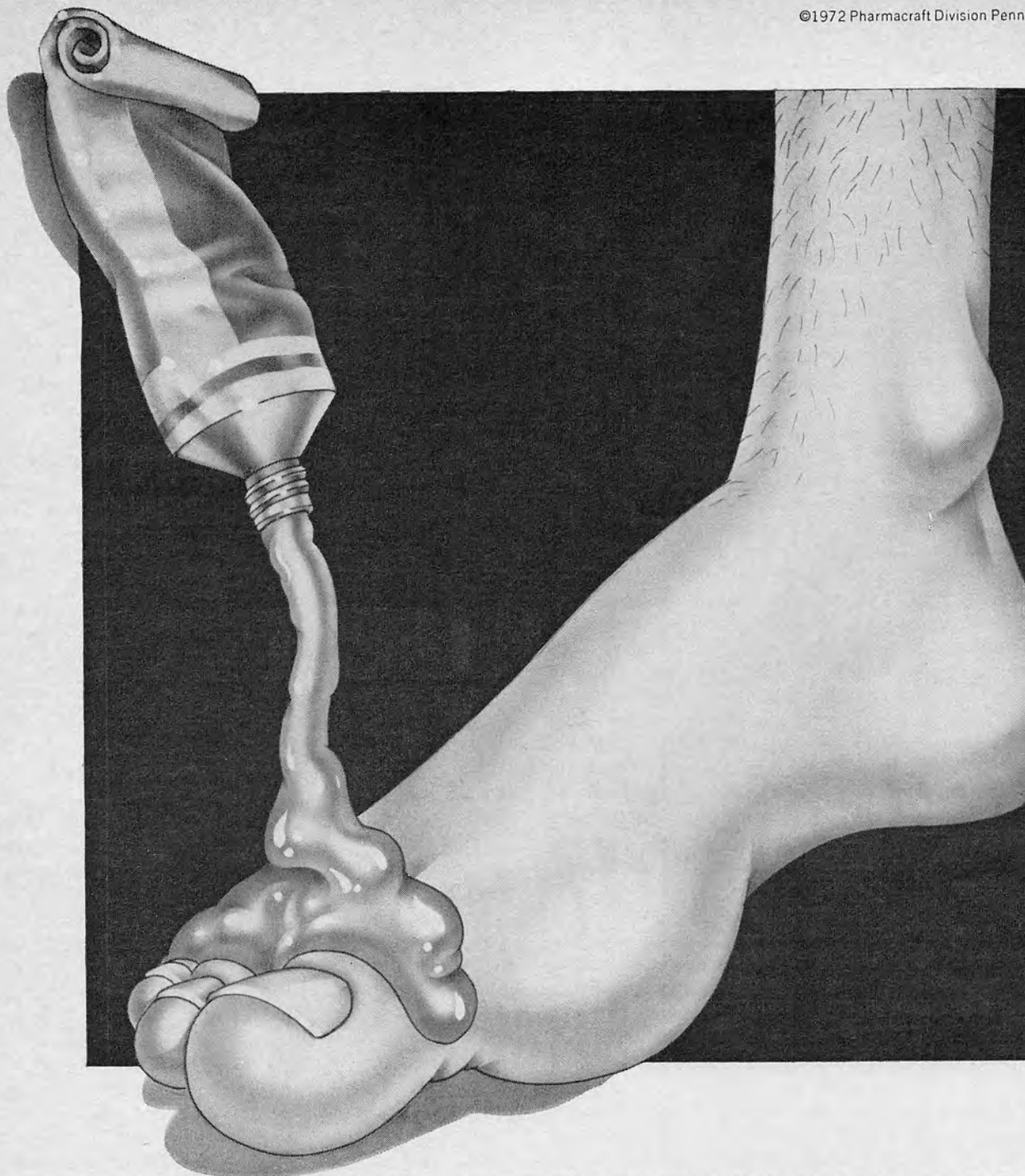
Throughout his school years, Fergie had played baseball, basketball and hockey. But the Phillies offered him a \$50,000 bonus at the age of 18, so baseball became his career. When he signed his contract and packed to report to Williamsport, Pennsylvania, it was a sad day for the Jenkins family. "My father knew I had made the best choice," Fergie says. "My mother knew that I would make it big in baseball, too. But I was her only son—she didn't want her son leaving home at 18."

Today, in uniform for the first official date of the season, the Cubs drift out of the clubhouse toward the field. This is Fergie's fourth opening day assignment, but this time 11 days late. And apprehension is epidemic among the ballplayers. How will the fans greet them? Will there *be* fans to greet them? Along with a general reluctance to discuss the strike *now*. It was a family squabble, Fathers & Sons, and it's settled. The less said, the better.

But Jenkins is the club's alternate player rep, and he takes his responsibilities seriously. "The strike was good," he says. "The owners really didn't know—and neither did we—that we had the excess amount of money in the pension fund, and that we could use it. When we realized it was there, that was the justification for the strike."

"Of course," he adds, "we didn't get what we wanted. I was willing to wait it out, I had plans to work my dogs and go hunting with Billy Williams."

"But the media never tried to get our position across to the fans. They distorted our views to the fans, just the way they always distort the fans' views to us. I mean, the press is always complaining that baseball is boring. The press wants to quicken the



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games, they want to liven them . . . it's ridiculous. The nature of the game is that a ballgame is controlled by the pitcher. The tempo of the game goes according to how the pitcher pitches. To change the pace of the game, to standardize the pace, you'd have to produce pitchers with a uniform personality, uniform style.

"But you see," he argues, "it's really the reporters covering the games day in, day out who are bored with baseball, not the fans. The fan wants to see doubleheaders, 15 inning games. The reporter, say, covers 162 games. He comes to the park and says: 'Bob Gibson's pitching. It's gonna be a low-run ballgame. Gibson's gonna give up five hits and maybe get a couple himself. Lou Brock's gonna steal two bases. Joe Torre is gonna hit a home run and make a couple of fine plays. The Cardinals win it four-to-one.' It's routine for them, day in and out, so they anticipate. But the fan can't do that. He can't afford to anticipate. It's like a hit crime drama on Broadway—from the beginning you know that the butler did it, but you hang on to the edge of your seat trying to figure out *how*. The reporter can write up the game before it starts most times. The fan is only there once. Every game is a new *season* for him. He knows that most every time Gibson pitches he wins, but he doesn't care. He only cares what happens *today*."

Today, only 17,401 fans—the Cubs' lowest opening day turnout in memory—care enough to come to the ballpark. Among the missing, but for other reasons, is manager Leo Durocher, at home in bed with a throat ailment that will plague him into the first few weeks of the season. Despite the tarpaulin, and the efforts of a grounds-crew struggling all morning against wind and rain, the ballplayers squish around the field through a half inch of water. Tramping out through the musty catacomb-like tunnels leading from the clubhouse to the field, someone conjures up the image of Christians being led into an arena to face lions.

But a half-hour before game-time the rain had stopped, the wind lulled to a breeze. The stands were like an impoverished dentist's dream—an open ample mouth with 29,149 cavities.

The Phillies were in the field taking batting practice, wearing their ocean-blue traveling uniforms: Red and white stripes, red and white stockings, shoes and caps. "Those Phillies are pretty enough to kiss," said Billy Williams in a stage-whisper calculated to reach the fences.

With Jenkins loosening up near third base, I found Philadelphia manager Frank Lucchesi behind the bat-

ting cage. Short, plump, pixieish, he hides a wealth of baseball lore beneath the torso and mouth of a New York City cab driver. Lucchesi had been the manager at Williamsport in 1962, the year Jenkins signed his professional contract with the Philadelphia organization. Two weeks before the start of that '62 season, Philadelphia had sent their 18-year-old pitching prospect to Williamsport for Lucchesi's evaluation, before sending him on to Miami in the Florida State League. "I had him about two weeks," Lucchesi recalls. "I felt that the kid had tremendous potential but needed developing, a curveball, change up—something to go along with his fastball."

In 1962, Fergie pitched for Miami, but sparingly, finishing with a 7-2 record and an 0.97 ERA. Part way through that season he was sent to Buffalo, where he won one and lost one. In 1963, he was shipped off to Arkansas to play under Lucchesi. After appearing in four games, with an 0-1 record, Jenkins shuffled off to Miami again, where he was 12-5. In 1964 he was 15-11, splitting the season between Chattanooga and Arkansas. In 1965 he was 8-6 at Arkansas before he was called up late in the season to the Phillies, for whom he won two, while losing one—all in relief.

"I thought I was going to be number three relief pitcher," Jenkins recalls. "Relief pitching was my job; the Phillies had told me I was going to be a relief pitcher when I started in the minors, and I had geared myself for it over the years. So I was happy to go to Philadelphia to pitch relief. Darold Knowles was their No. 1 reliever. Gary Wagner was their No. 2, but at the beginning of '66 he hurt his arm."

And then, on April 21, 1966, Jenkins (along with Adolfo Phillips and Johnny Hernstein) was traded to the Cubs for pitchers Bob Buhl and Larry Jackson.

In retrospect, the trade provided an opportunity heretofore undreamed of. "The Cubs' pitching coach was Joe Becker, and Becker put a new thing in my mind," Fergie recalls. "He said, 'You gotta work every fourth day. If you pitch once a week you don't make any money.' And then he improved my delivery, by shortening my windup. I used to throw my hands up over my head and indulge in a lot of wasted motion," Fergie says. "Becker got me to eliminate all that windup stuff. Instead, he just had me pump once and deliver the ball. It made me more deceptive, and it helped my control immensely."

Until the closing weeks of that '66 season, Jenkins was used strictly in relief. Then, in September, on Joe Becker's advice, Durocher told Jenkins he was going to turn him into a starter. And Fergie tried to argue Durocher out of making the move. "He surprised me," Durocher recalls. "I told him that it's okay if you're a Roy Face or a Dick Radatz or a Ron Perranoski, who were the bullpen vets making the



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money at the time. But he was only 22 years old and he had a chance to be a starting pitcher!"

From September on, Jenkins won four of six starts, finishing with a 6-8 record.

Going into today's game, Jenkins was 19-5, lifetime, against the Phils. In 1971 he had compiled a 6-0 record against them, with a 1.54 ERA in 54 innings. In spring training this year, before the strike, he had been 2-1 in five games, with a 3.38 ERA. But the forced layoff had undoubtedly weakened his control. Although he had worked out regularly, throwing, there'd been no chance for pitching against live hitters. Nevertheless, he had told a reporter the day *before* the opener: "I expect to beat Philadelphia tomorrow."

Self-confidence: The way Jenkins, like Vida Blue, runs with long loping strides from the dugout to the mound. "I got the habit of doing that," he says. "I think I first saw Marichal doing it. It gets the adrenalin going, it makes me feel stronger. I do it throughout the game, even in the late innings," he adds. "It gives me a constant psychological lift."

"Except when the Hammer is up there," Billy Williams interjects, referring to Henry Aaron. "Nobody gets a mental lift from running out there to face Hammer."

Jenkins' most distinctive trademark on the mound, of course, is his easy, uncomplicated motion. His performance on the mound is a dance symbolic of his personality and his lifestyle. He takes his sign from catcher Randy Hundley with his back straight, perfectly erect. Bringing his hands—hanging loose at his sides—waist high, he leans back slightly and seemingly delivers the ball as an afterthought.

"It's the motion that confuses you," Phil slugger Deron Johnson told me. "His motion makes it look like he's going to lob the ball, it comes through to you like *slow* motion. Then you have trouble following the ball, which is coming off that herky-jerky nonchalant motion at over 100 miles an hour."

But today Jenkins isn't sharp, he doesn't have *total control*—only 37 walks issued in the entire 1971 season. But he still has *control*. "When he's on," says Lucchesi, "Fergie can hit within one inch of the corner of the plate away from the batter, any time he wants to for as many innings as he wants to. And when he's off," adds Lucchesi, "Fergie will beat you by just throwing strikes. On his worst days, Jenkins will stand out there throwing strikes, daring you to hit it and depending on his fielders to pick up whatever garbage the hitter sends out there."

Tim McCarver adds: "There's no secret why

Jenkins wins. He doesn't have the best curve, the best slider, the best fastball. But, hell, blindfolded he can throw low-and-away in the strike zone. Anyone who can throw low-and-away in front of a major-league infield is going to win 20 games. And Jenkins is the guy who does it consistently."

Jenkins was strong in the first inning, but so was the Phillies' starter, Steve Carlton. Both survived the second inning without difficulty, although Jenkins was throwing more pitches.

To lead off the Cubs' third, Rick Monday singled, then Jenkins brought the crowd to its feet with a double to centerfield, scoring Monday for the Cubs first run. Immediately Dick Selma and Billy Champion, in the Phils' dugout, started shouting at first base umpire Paul Pryor. Steve Carlton responded to first baseman Deron Johnson's pleas for the ball. As soon as Johnson had the ball, he stepped on the first-base bag, and umpire Paul Pryor gave the out signal. Jenkins, according to the umpire, had neglected to touch first en route to second.

How Jenkins responded was indicative of the control the man exercises over his emotions. First he stared incredulously across the 90 feet from first to second. After about half a minute, he slowly walked back to first. He exchanged quiet words with Pryor, then walked slow slow slow back across the field toward the dugout.

"Fergie didn't blowup, see?" said backup catcher Ken Rudolph. "Most guys would have been screaming, shouting—making a big thing of it even if they knew they missed the base. But Fergie never loses his poise. Whatever is happening out there, he stays cool. He always *looks* like a winner, he never shows frustration—and this tends to psyche guys on the other team out."

But those who know him better are able to see turbulent emotions beneath the placid exterior. "I knew missing the base got to Fergie," said starting catcher Randy Hundley. "I tried calming him down. But in the fourth, on the first pitch, I called for a curve and I shouldn't have. On a curve you've got to be concentrating. If a pitcher's upset, and not concentrating, he tends to aim the throw. And that's what happened."

Rookie Greg Luzinski drove it over the leftfield bleachers and out of the park, tying the score at 1-1. Jenkins pitched two more innings, leaving, as had been prearranged, after the sixth. The Cubs eventually lost, 4-2, but Jenkins had, in his words, an "adequate workout." In six innings, without his full armory of pitches, he had given up five hits, one base on balls, and had struck out two. In the locker room after the game, when I suggested that Steve Carlton looked stronger than he had, Jenkins stiffened. "I could have gone nine innings and beaten him," he

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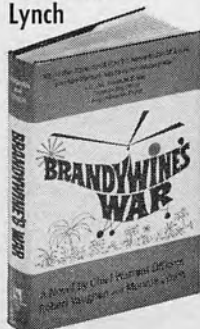
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replied. "But there's no point trying to put the whole season into one game."

We get further insight into the emotions Fergie sublimates when he compares the game of hockey to the game of baseball. "I played junior B hockey in Chatham," he says, "and I liked it a lot more than baseball. There was more competition, you didn't do everything yourself. Hockey is a team sport, while a pitcher—he has to depend on his own ability first, then on the fellas behind him. Plus there's the contact in hockey. At times you will have frustrated moves, so you lose your temper, and you fight, without getting thrown out of the game. I used to get loads of game misconducts. Whereas in baseball, you get into a fight, you're ejected, you're fined. . . ."

Ferguson Jenkins' game is a disciplined combination of *ball* control on the mound, emotional control off it. As with Bob Gibson, behind Fergie looms an enormous pride. But while Gibson has turned pride into the motive power for his success, Jenkins' self-esteem is the *result* of his accomplishments—a realistic appraisal of what self-confidence glued to hard work has achieved. Exactly how much self-control he exercises over his emotions, how tight is his self-discipline and how vital a goal is *winning* is reflected by the events of one week in 1970.

"My mother had developed cancer," he says. "They had found it when they opened her up for a gallstone operation in '68. They took her stomach out then," he says quietly. "They took out her spleen and part of her esophagus. They gave her tubes to use in place of her own organs. At the time," he adds, "the doctor gave her eight months to a year to live."

"From there on, I would drive home on offdays, fly home regularly to see her . . . and I could see her failing. She knew she was failing. I think that deep down she knew that she had an incurable illness, even though the doctors didn't tell her. From '68 on she was in intensive care three times in the hospital. She knew that if she went back a third time, that would be it, the end. When she died," he adds in a low voice, almost inaudibly, "she had shriveled from 150 to 60 pounds."

"The day she finally collapsed I was going for my 20th win, against Pittsburgh. They took me out of the ballgame with the score 2-1 in the eighth inning."

Jenkins returned home, but the next day he called Durocher from Chatham. He asked to take his turn against Bob Gibson and the Cardinals on September 16, the day before the funeral.

"I knew my mother would have wanted me to pitch," he says. "I wanted to win it for her, badly."

In Fergie's value system it would take more cour-

age to pitch than not to—and his mother had told him those many years ago: *Whatever You Start, Finish.*

But Durocher wouldn't buy it. As hard-headed and unsentimental a man—at least on the surface—as ever managed a baseball team, he based his arguments on the only grounds Jenkins would *have to* accept—the good of the team. "I knew he was at home and couldn't get back until Thursday and then maybe an hour before the game," Durocher says. "Then he would have to leave right afterward to go back for the funeral. I didn't know what effect her death would have on him, and it might have fouled him up when we needed him later on."

The funeral was on a Friday. On Saturday evening, Jenkins was scheduled to pitch again, this time against Montreal. After the funeral, he had flown back to Chicago to pick up some clothes for the two-week road trip. He missed the plane that Saturday morning, and didn't arrive in Montreal until 3 p.m., three hours before he would attempt for the second time to win his 20th game of the season.

Whatever You Start, Finish!

"She would have wanted me to pitch, that's why I had to do it," he says again.

He moved mechanically through the first two innings. "My mind wasn't on the game," he recalls. "The first inning I had the bases loaded and nobody out. I just looked up, around—and suddenly saw three Expos on base. I didn't have the faintest idea how they got there. All that kept going through my mind were images from the funeral: My mother, so slight, lying there; seeing my father break down crying for the first time in my life. And the moment when they closed the casket—and I *realized* for the first time that I had *lost my mother!* And that was all there was to it. The end."

"Even now," he adds, "I'll sit at home, and I won't feel good, and I'll just recall talks that my mother and I had on the phone. About little things—little things that happened. One year my wife had a miscarriage. I didn't understand it, neither did she. I'd call home, talk to my mother and she'd console me. There's so many different times that pressure builds up, and you'd like to talk to somebody, and your wife isn't the person to talk to. So I could talk to my mother."

Whatever You Start, Finish. About the third inning, Jenkins says, he woke up. Damn it, he had promised to *win* this one for his mother's memory, not *lose* it. He pitched strongly from then on, beating the Expos 3-1 for his 20th victory.

The next time I saw Jenkins was a week later at Shea Stadium. In the interim, he had lost his first game of the season, beaten by the Pittsburgh Pirates, 4-3. He had, however, pitched the full game.

"What happened yesterday?" I greeted him.

"My arm felt good, I thought I pitched well," he answered.

"But you lost," I told him.

He looked at me hard for a moment, then said: "When they got the winning run against me, Dock Ellis was already in the locker room. That's where he won the game, in the locker room. Now that kind of luck I've never had. I haven't won a game like that in all my years in the big leagues. Some pitchers have uncanny luck; I have to win my ballgames myself. And I'd rather lose a game out there on the mound than win it in the locker room."

Whatever You Start, Finish! "I've been able to get some clutch hits," Fergie adds, "and that's another reason Leo's willing to keep me in if the game is close."

In 1971 Jenkins drove in 18 runs, twice hitting two home runs in a game. His ratio of one RBI for every 5.9 at-bats was best on the club. He was second in ratio of home runs to at-bats.

In his third start of the season, Jenkins faced the Houston Astros. He gave up two runs in the first inning, then two *hits* during the next nine, only to be beaten in the tenth by a solo home run.

Just what kind of dogged competitor he is was demonstrated in Fergie's fourth start, against Cincinnati. Amazingly, he survived nine innings in which he gave up seven earned runs and 13 hits, yet won, 10-8, on a pair of home runs by Jim Hickman.


And if the public is only now becoming aware that Jenkins' success is the product of a mental attitude disciplined to an incredible degree, what kind of pitches he throws is a mystery to opposing hitters. Most of the hitters I talked to claimed that Jenkins' best pitch—and the one he resorts to most often during a game—was the slider. He denies it. "I am *not* a true breaking ball pitcher," he argues. "Although I do throw maybe 20 sliders during a game, most of my pitches are fastballs that I *cut*. You grip the ball across the seams when you *cut*," he explains, "but instead of breaking your wrists like you do with a curve or a slider, when you cut you keep your wrist straight and just snap the ball off your fingers. When you break your wrist, it slows the ball down. Cutting doesn't. It'll sail, it'll sink."

"Although a lot of people aren't aware of it," says Randy Hundley, "Fergie is one of the most knowledgeable pitchers in the game. He and Marichal and maybe Gibson are the *smartest* pitchers in the league."

"I wouldn't mind being baseball's first black pitching coach when I retire," says Jenkins, "although I hope some club will take a chance before that. We're long overdue for a black pitching coach, a black manager. . . ."

And his ultimate goal?

"I started in Chatham, I'd like to finish in the Hall of Fame. My mother," he adds, emotion coloring his voice, "she would have liked that."



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(Continued from page 49)

screwing and how McGovern's going to change it, people listen up. This guy is a football player, a celebrity, yet he's still like them.

"A lot of people like to meet football players, yet they don't feel so far removed from them, the way they do from big movie stars, say. Like I went down in this excavation pit in Wisconsin where there's a gang of hard hats working. These are big guys with beer guts and a cigar poking out of the side of their mouth. I say I'm Ray Schoenke of the Washington Redskins. Some guy says, 'Hey, you Redskins think you can beat them Packers?' I say, 'Hell yes, but how about that McGovern, he's the guy who's going to win. This guy's got guts. He's out there working for the working guy, fighting for you guys. You going to vote for him?' 'Hell, yes,' the guy says. Now I couldn't tell you whether he voted for McGovern or not. But I'd sure as hell like to see Warren Beatty or Shirley MacLaine get down in that pit and get as far as an athlete can."

One way or another all of the major presidential contenders have at least dimly perceived the validity of Schoenke's argument. For reasons that doubtless speak to America's obsession with "success," no candidate for high public office feels secure unless followed around by a rockette line of celebrities, ethnic leaders and professional men from all walks of life. The candidate is only as sexy as his most glamorous movie star, only as attuned to Lithuanians in Chicago as his most prominent Slavic supporter, only as judicious as the most famous lawyer who supports him.

Just the same, in such an equation athletes have their place, and from all available evidence, it's a growing place, at that. After all, athletics is a code-word for manliness in this era of the crystalline image. And with the possible exception of Shirley Chisholm there is not a single candidate stalking the land who's not anxious—perhaps too anxious, the psychiatrists would argue—to appear manly.

"Theoretically," said one of Hubert Humphrey's campaign strategists, "the value of an endorsement by an athlete is with the black vote and the working class vote. With black voters, they're looking for endorsements from black athletes, which implies the candidate is good on racial issues. With the working class, it makes the can-

didate, theoretically again, appear tough and strong. It's really kind of silly in the case of Humphrey. A Humphrey campaign aide doesn't have to be very bright, he just has to have strong legs to follow him around. Carl Eller and Alan Page were down campaigning with Humphrey in Florida and they said they couldn't take the pace. They were just exhausted trying to keep up with Hubert, just begging for a night off so they could go to bed." Nevertheless, whatever the physical fitness reality, Carl Eller and Alan Page still look as if they possess more strength and stamina than Hubert Humphrey.

The other candidates, past and present, have all framed their public utterances, whether they believe them or not, to mirror the upbeat, optimistic world of a football locker room at halftime. *Hard work can do it. We can win. We must win, men.* Politics and sports are perhaps strange bedfellows, but traditionally they've shared the same vocabulary of endearment.

That being so, it is hard, very hard, to find a politician who doesn't want to identify himself with sports. Even the minor candidates who have failed to secure an endorsement from a living athlete are quick to point out their solidarity with sports.

Early in this political year a staff aide at the Vance Hartke for President headquarters was asked if her man had been endorsed by any athletes. "Well, now, I haven't heard of any athlete backing him. He's just hand to hand, asking people for their support. But he's quite an athlete himself. He was a basketball star, the captain of his team at Evansville College. Lord a' mercy, I don't know what position he played. The team was called the Purple Aces, I believe."

When the New York City information operator was contacted to secure the phone number of John Lindsay for President headquarters she said in a voice of deep boredom: "How are you spelling that, sir?" It didn't seem worthwhile to pursue the matter.

Calls to Washington information for the local number of George Wallace for President headquarters repeatedly ended with the operator hanging up. A call to Montgomery, Alabama, finally roused the aide in charge of athletic supporters (if that's the phrase) who got the caller to spell his name three times, promised an immediate response and has yet to

be heard from.

The Chisholm for President operation was no less confusing. The Congresswoman's office kept saying it had no information on athletes and the campaign headquarters should be queried. At the campaign headquarters, aides kept insisting that kind of information was only available at the candidate's congressional office. At length, a young lady was finally produced who nearly dissolved in an odd mixture of mirth and haughty indignation at the very idea of athletes endorsing Shirley Chisholm. "Well," she finally said in a tone that was more acid than jocular, "there's a fellow sitting at the next desk who says he's athletic, if you want to count him."

At Senator Henry Jackson's Washington headquarters, before the Florida primary, a campaign aide admitted that the Senator had been unable to line up any athletes as yet. "But he swims regularly," the aide said. "He spends a lot of time in the surf down there. He's in marvelous physical condition."

If the athletic pickings have been slender for the so-called minor candidates that may be because the major candidates, somewhat more flush with staff and resources, have already worked over the field. Though Hubert Humphrey's campaign staff said they've been more interested in assembling lists of lawyers and scientists than jocks, the fact is Humphrey announced his candidacy in Philadelphia with the Minnesota Viking Front Four lurking menacingly in the background.

The McGovern athletic effort is the only one actually organized and run by an athlete. Ray Schoenke, like McGovern himself, began early and used off-hours at the Redskins' 1971 Carlisle training camp to recruit many of his teammates, including Charley Harraway, Charley Taylor, Jerry Smith, Jim Snowden, Bill Brundige, Jon Jaqua, Bob Grant and others.

From there Schoenke got on the phone and lined up another 60 or 70 athletes such as Lem Barney, Warren McVea, Paul Naumoff, Steve Carlton, Arthur Ashe, Mel Renfro, Dave Bing, Leroy Kelly and Kermit Alexander. In general, most athletes limit their involvement to an endorsement. But Jan Stenerud, a Nordic ski jumper as well as field-goal kicker, joined Schoenke to press the voters' flesh in New Hampshire. Deacon Jones, Marv Fleming and Bob Stein stumped Flor-

ida for McGovern. Stein even carried his commitment to the point of attempting to organize a St. Louis caucus for McGovern in a precinct apparently controlled by the Mafia. This is the kind of courage players are seldom asked to summon up on the football field.

Nonetheless, what Schoenke and the recruiters for the other candidates are looking for are "superstars who are willing to hustle," as one Humphrey aide put it. Most superstars are shielded from all inquiries by their agents or lawyers. As a collective breed these money-men take a dim view of their mealtickets volunteering any free time for politics. Boston sports attorney Bob Woolf said he would regard a political endorsement from one of his stable of athletes as a mildly negative factor in terms of securing new commercial endorsements. Still, Woolf said that he didn't discourage his athletes from political endorsements as long as they believed in the man they endorsed. A Woolf client, Walt Patulski, the NFL's number one draft choice this year, was running in New York as a Muskie delegate to the Democratic National Convention, before Muskie's defection.

"Every candidate in the country tried to line up Jim Plunkett," Woolf laughed, in apparent pleasure that his major football client is now on the sidelines after a brief winter plunge into the New Hampshire primary on behalf of Congressman Paul McCloskey.

Not all agents have a morose view of their clients wrestling with the electorate's soul to spring a vote for Nixon, Humphrey, etc. Bubba Smith's Los Angeles agent is anxious for his charge to join the McGovern campaign—not because the agent or Bubba, for that matter, have any known political predilection for McGovern. No, the apparent thinking is that Bubba's involvement in a political campaign might well enhance his scope for outside commercial endorsement money by getting his name before the public.

How do athletes happen to endorse a candidate? With all but a handful of exceptions the answer is simple: Someone calls them up and asks them. Oftentimes the athlete gives his endorsement because he happens to like the person who calls up asking for his support. However, in most instances, athletes endorse a candidate either be-

cause they already favor him when the importuning telephone call comes, or because they ask to see literature on the candidate's positions and like what they read.

The Muskie operation had secured by telephone such blue-chippers as Boston Celtic coach Tom Heinsohn; Yankee outfielder Bobby Murcer; Bob Gibson's wife, Charlene; skier Billy Kidd and Celtic basketball player Jo Jo White. Muskie's number one find was Hank Aaron of the Atlanta Braves. Muskie aide Joyce Smith, who headed his athletic drive, said, "I just called up the Braves' training camp in West Palm Beach and got Hank in his motel room. I said I was with Senator Muskie and Hank just said, 'Muskie's my man. I'll do anything I can to help.'"

The Democratic contenders are getting their turns at bat, but the incumbent still gets more "ups" than any of them. While the Democratic field was racing around the country, athletes in tow, Nixon was quietly building an athletic portfolio of his own. And a diversified list of blue-chippers it was—football players O.J. Simpson, Roger Staubach, Lance Alworth, Bob Griese, Howard Twilley, Nick Buono-

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conti, Marlin McKeever, Tommy Mason and Jeff Kinney, of the University of Nebraska; ice skaters Ken Shelley and Jo Jo Starbuck; swimmer Don Schollander; golfer Bob Lunn; tennis players Clark and Carole Graebner. At that, this is merely the Nixon "under 30" athletic list. Other long-time Nixon supporters such as Wilt Chamberlain and Arnold Palmer will doubtless presently materialize to woo the geriatric vote.

The man responsible for recruiting the President's football players was Representative Jack Kemp (Republican, New York), a former pro quarterback who is fond of telling the constituents that if they don't return him to Congress he'll un-retire and rejoin the Buffalo Bills with disastrous consequences for all. Kemp flew down to the Super Bowl in New Orleans last January and wedged his way into the packed Dallas and Miami dressing rooms to line up victors and losers alike for Nixon. He was proud to recount that three of the biggest names he bagged, Griese, Buonoconti and Alworth, were all registered Democrats.

For the most part, the pro athletes who will be swarming around the country in the coming months are, at their best, ordinary citizens trying, as they see it, to influence the course of events in a way that will prove profitable to their fellow countrymen. Few of them have any marked self-interest to promote. As Ray Schoenke put it: "All these football players in politics have no personal stake in who's President. Whether it's McGovern or Nixon there'll still be 60,000 out at the stadium every Sunday afternoon and 50 million watching on TV. But I can guarantee you, if it was our jobs at stake, I'd have 2000 athletes out in the field working for McGovern."

Whatever the complexity of reasons, there are more athletes on the political hustings than ever before. It is probably impossible to assess their impact, but it does seem certain that today's athletes are more involved and better informed politically than their counterparts of a decade ago. It wasn't so long ago that Arnold Palmer, then being boosted as a Republican gubernatorial prospect in Pennsylvania, turned to his wife and announced: "Winnie, get me a book about politics. I know the difference between Democrats and Republicans, but I'm not sure about the other stuff."

So the times have changed. ■

"... I HAVE JIMMY CANNON"

(Continued from page 67)

camp is getting wind of the free haircuts. What a great thrill for this barber. I'm thinking, getting to cut the champ's hair, and then getting to work on all these big-time writers to boot.

"So the guy cuts hair all afternoon. Finally, everyone's going into dinner, and the barber says, 'Who's the guy who pays me?' This man wants to get paid for cutting the hair, do you believe me? He's in *Rocky Marciano's* training camp, and he wants to get paid.

"Now I feel like telling him off, but I don't want to make a scene. So I reason with him. I pay him a deuce a haircut, plus I let him come in and eat a steak dinner with us. What the hell can you do with a guy like that?"

We approach the squat, steel and glass *Sun-Times-Daily News* building on Wabash Avenue, where he will drop off the latest Bulls' statistics, and fish for better coverage with the sports editors.

Bentley passes through the *Sun-Times* newsroom, flips his handouts onto the sports copy desk and makes a few jokes with the writers. "Oh, Motta just called," he says on the way out the door. "Love's OK. He'll make the trip."

The cigar moves back and forth in his mouth. "This walking is getting to me," he remarks. "Now where was I? Oh, the camps. A thousand stories in the camps, these guys'd come up and interview the trainers, the cooks, etcetera etcetera. Once a columnist, a very big man, was so drunk he was falling off the barstool. He came to me in a panic. 'Benny,' he says, 'I'm on deadline and I've been drinking all day and I don't have a story. You got to help me.' So I give him this stuff about the champ's childhood, and the next day all over his home paper's first sports page is 'Smell of Shoe Leather Made Rocky A Fighter.' Great sob story. The guy's editor calls him to congratulate him on this human interest angle. Says the guy must really be working double-time to get that deep stuff."

Now Bentley makes a quick pass through the *Daily News* sports department. He makes his hellos, and automatically picks up the early editions of the afternoon papers to see what kind of play the Bulls were getting. Then down a back elevator and toward the *Tribune* Tower.

"Now Ray Robinson, there is an intimidating man," Bentley says. "He's

in Chicago training for a fight with Jake LaMotta, I would say this is 1950 or so. This is the first time I'm assigned to handle Robinson. I am filled with awe. I am scared, if you can imagine that.

"There's this six p.m. TV show that Bob Elson has on WBBM here in Chicago at the time. I'm trying to get Robinson on the show. So I go to where he's working out.

"'Mr. Robinson,' I say, real soft, just like I'm talking now. And he looks up and I tell him about the TV show. I tell him that Elson'll give him a free radio for appearing. Robinson says, 'My man, be in front of my hotel at 5:30.'

"So I'm at the hotel, and he's waiting on the street for me. We do the show, and afterwards Elson gives Sugar the radio. Sugar hands me the radio and says 'Here, kid, this is for you.' Me. Kid. But I don't say anything. I take the radio. And from then on, we get along fine.

"All right now, the scene changes. Ray Robinson is no longer middle-weight champion. I'm Bobo Olson's boy now, I'm handling his camp. Olson's fighting Robinson for the title. And I keep running into Robinson, and he's behaving very cold toward me. I begin to feel uncomfortable.

"Well it turns out that Robinson is mad because I'm handling the press for Bobo. I go to Robinson. I say, 'Look, I work for the IBC. I do not make my assignments. I take what I get. They say I handle Bobo, I handle Bobo. I have no choice.' But Robinson chooses not to understand this.

"So it's fight night. I'm the ring announcer. Bobo gets knocked out. I raise Sugar's hand in victory. And Sugar looks down at me and says, 'Bentley, aren't you raising the wrong guy's hand?'"

By this time Bentley is crossing back over Michigan Avenue. He will stop at the *Tribune* sports desk, then go on to *Chicago Today*.

"Let me tell you a few things about that Bobo Olson," Bentley said. "This man was without a doubt one of the greatest Lotharios outside the ring I have ever seen. The women used to flock to him. Picture this. We're in Asbury Park, New Jersey, and Bobo is training for a fight with Archie Moore. Me, I should be on my honeymoon, I'm just married, but I'm assigned to take care of him.

"The camp is crawling with newspaper guys. And Bobo gets word to

me that he's got a broad coming in. A *broad*! He wants me to sneak her into the camp. This should be a case for Olson's manager. But Olson happens to be managed by a fellow named Sid Flaherty. Flaherty owns a ranch or some damn thing, and he gets word that there is a cow sick in Montana. A cow. I am telling you the truth about this. So Flaherty goes to Montana to look after the cow. He's got a championship fight to worry about, and he leaves camp for a cow.

"I do some thinking. I figure, the best thing I can do is sneak this girl in to Bobo without any of the newspaper guys catching on. So I meet her at the airport. This is one outlandish broad. Very flamboyant. Hawaiian girl. Muumuu dress, gloves up to her elbows, all this.

"I get her in camp and up to Bobo's room by some miracle, and no one sees. Now my room is directly underneath Bobo's. I'm in there with a bunch of guys from the papers. A wire comes in for one of the AP men. It's a query. It says: 'Please check rumor that a woman traveling in Olson entourage.'

"All the reporters turn on me. 'Did you see a girl in camp?' they say to me. I look back and say 'Did you? You've been up here for three days.'

"But I tell Bobo, we got to get this broad out of there. He says OK, but he wants to take her to a movie. A movie. What can I do. I say I'll take them to a movie the next day.

"I go out and I get Bobo a blonde Liberace wig and he puts on dark glasses. Me and him and the broad drive to Philadelphia. Here's Bobo walking down the street thinking he looks like Liberace. And some little kid comes up to him and says, 'Bobo, can I have your autograph?'

"I say 'Bobo, does this convince you? We have *got* to get rid of this broad.' So even he agrees. He insists on coming into the airport terminal. And what does he do? He stands there at the gate and kisses her for five minutes. I'm going through the floor. That damn Bobo."

He walks into the *Tribune* sports department. Everyone is busy, but Bentley hardly seems to notice. He is so caught up in his boxing stories and

he keeps pulling them out.

"I think maybe it can come back. I don't know, if the time seems right. I'm willing to try. I figure maybe the ethnic angle can help boxing. Mexicans. It's very big in California now. Maybe it can spread. I remember when a leading boxer would walk down the street and people would stop him and run off at the mouth. Now who gets that kind of action? Ali, that's all. Maybe the tide's going to turn again, you know?"

Bentley's final stop of the morning is at Chicago *Today*. He walks into the sports department in a fake rage. He was moderately angry with Rick Talley, the *Today* sports columnist, for a slightly negative piece about the Bulls. Bentley figured the best way to handle it was to overact.

"Where the hell's Talley?" he yells. "I'm gonna take a punch at him."

Harry Sheer, a *Today* sports writer, motions Bentley over. "He's not here, Ben," Sheer says. "Sit down."

The two men talk quietly about things in general for a few minutes. Then Bentley says, "Hey, how'd that poll come out?" Sheer had conducted a reader survey to find out which spectator sports are now the most popular.

"Pretty good," Sheer says. "1826 votes came in."

Bentley chews on his cigar. "Not bad," he says. "How many votes for boxing?"

"None, Ben," Sheer says.

Bentley is quiet for a moment and then looks at Sheer. "Really, Harry, how many?"

"Zero, Ben," Sheer replies. "Boxing didn't get a vote. I was kind of surprised, myself."

Bentley gets up to leave. "Well I don't believe that."

"Check it yourself, Ben. The ballots are all in that file over there. Take a look."

"I don't have to look" says Bentley.

"I know when the fix is on." ■



**ARMSTRONG
RHINO TUFF
TIRES...**

(Continued from page 47)

TV's director of sports Chet Simmons. "Having Joe on one of our Monday night games," says ABC-TV publicist Beano Cook, "is like having the Pope say your mass."

Last season Joe came back from his knee injury to fling three touchdown passes against San Francisco, rallying the Jets from a 24-7 deficit to a narrow 24-21 defeat. The next week the Jets were playing Dallas in a nationally televised Saturday afternoon game on NBC.

"We promoted the hell out of it," says Chet Simmons. "You know: 'Joe Namath's back to take on the champion Cowboys.' It was the highest-rated Saturday afternoon football game up to that time."

The Joe Namath name is hardly needed at most pro football box offices; 95 percent of all seats for NFL games were sold last season. But when tickets need to be sold, Joe sells them. In 1970 the Steelers had their first advance sellout—for Joe Namath and the Jets. That season the Los Angeles Coliseum was sold out six weeks in advance for the Rams' game against the Jets—the first advance sellout in Ram history.

"Joe Namath is the only visiting player who really stimulates sales," says Buffalo vice president Jack Horrigan. "Like when we play the Rams and sell out, it was because of the Rams, not Roman Gabriel. If we play the Dolphins and sell out, it's a combination of Griese, Kiick, Csonka and a winner. But when you mention the New York Jets, there's only one thing that comes to mind—Joe Namath."

But Namath does more than draw people to stadiums and in front of TV sets: He excites them.

"Even on the days when he's off and we beat him, the excitement is tremendous," says Buffalo's Jack Horrigan. "Once we intercepted five of his passes and turned three of the interceptions into touchdowns. He completed four touchdown passes against us. So he was involved in seven touchdowns. Nobody else can do that. You can be ahead of him by two touchdowns with five minutes to go and be quaking in your boots."

If there is no one else who can match the excitement of a Namath, will pro football—when he is gone—lose fans who are already complaining there is too much football on the tube? Many of these are women and elder men who become interested in

football because they had heard of Namath. "I get this all the time from men who are not football fans," says Dave Herman. "They say, 'I don't know much about football; which team do you play for?' I say, 'The Jets.' They say, 'Oh, yeah, that's Joe Namath's team.' Those are the kind of people who could lose interest in football when he's gone. He drew them to the game in the first place. They're not going to be as interested when he's left."

Pete Perreault, an offensive guard, can tell the Jets and anyone else in pro football what it will be like when Joe is gone. Last season Pete was traded by the Jets to the Vikings. What struck Pete immediately when he joined the Vikings was the lack of crowds and hoopla when the Vikings traveled. "Here we have real stars—people like Alan Page—but when we travel to a city," he says, "there's no big excitement at the airport, no TV cameras waiting at the hotel, no crowds around the bus screaming for autographs. I suddenly realized, 'This is what it's like for all the teams who don't have Joe.' Without him you're just another team."

Certainly, whatever charisma is, Joe Namath has it. "He has a distinctive walk, a slope of his shoulders, a posture that makes him stand out," says Frank Ramos. "He can walk into a room and everybody will turn and stop and stare." Recently, at a testimonial banquet for the effervescent Howard Cosell, a friend of Cosell's, Burt Reynolds (recently made famous by his near-nude appearance in the centerfold of *Cosmopolitan Magazine*), said that Namath was one of Cosell's close friends. "They're so close," Reynolds said, "that Joe adopted the humpback appearance of Cosell. They look like brothers with those backs," Reynolds said, "brother frogs."

He had a way about him that was impressive and easy to like the first time I met him, in 1965, shortly after he had signed with the Jets. We met in the lobby of a hotel in Chicago, where I had gone to talk to him for this magazine. He is not handsome. There is the bird-beak of a nose, the hooded sleepy eyes, a swarthy face that seems even darker because of his raven-black hair and that frog-like back. But it is a striking, unusual face—"ugly-handsome," says Jack Horrigan—and you don't forget it.

As I walked across the lobby to meet him, I saw he was pushing a

toothpick out of the corner of his mouth. At first I thought the toothpick a sophomoric piece of business, the college kid from the small town trying to act slick; but as we talked the toothpick seemed a natural part of him. He was talking to the slender and smaller Mike Bite, who is about ten years older than Joe, then 21 or 22. To me, meeting them for the first time, the darker, taller and more relaxed Joe seemed the elder.

We ate a midnight meal at a nearby restaurant. Joe did not do a great deal of talking but when he spoke it was with the casual, yet authoritative way of someone who is accustomed to having other people's attention. He picked up a plate. "Where am I from?" he said to the five other people at the table.

"Beaver Falls," three or four people said eagerly and almost at once.

He turned over the plate and read an inscription. "Made in Beaver Falls, PA.," he said. He passed around the plate. We all examined it as though it had come from a tomb of the Pharaohs.

He answered my questions carefully, as though he had been warned not to give away too much of himself to this smartass New York writer. He *hoped* to make the Jets, yes sir, and he'd play any position, yes sir, he'd play defensive back if they asked him, yes sir. But he couldn't keep the Namath ego hidden for long. He asked me about a book I was writing on pro passers. I mentioned some of the passers I thought the best. Bart Starr. He nodded. Johnny Unitas. He nodded. Len Dawson. The college senior raised his eyebrows, the glittering eyes giving me an "are-you-kidding?" look.

We flew from Chicago to Birmingham, where we found his green Lincoln. We drove to the University of Alabama campus at Tuscaloosa. I asked him for the name of a motel in town. He said, "You can stay at my place if you can stand it." I said fine.

Later, at a beer-drinking place in Tuscaloosa, he showed me and some of his friends, including a state trooper, a variety of card tricks, his long fingers flicking the cards with a bewildering expertise. Someone asked me about Mickey Mantle and I mentioned having interviewed him recently for a story. I talked about some other famous athletes I knew,

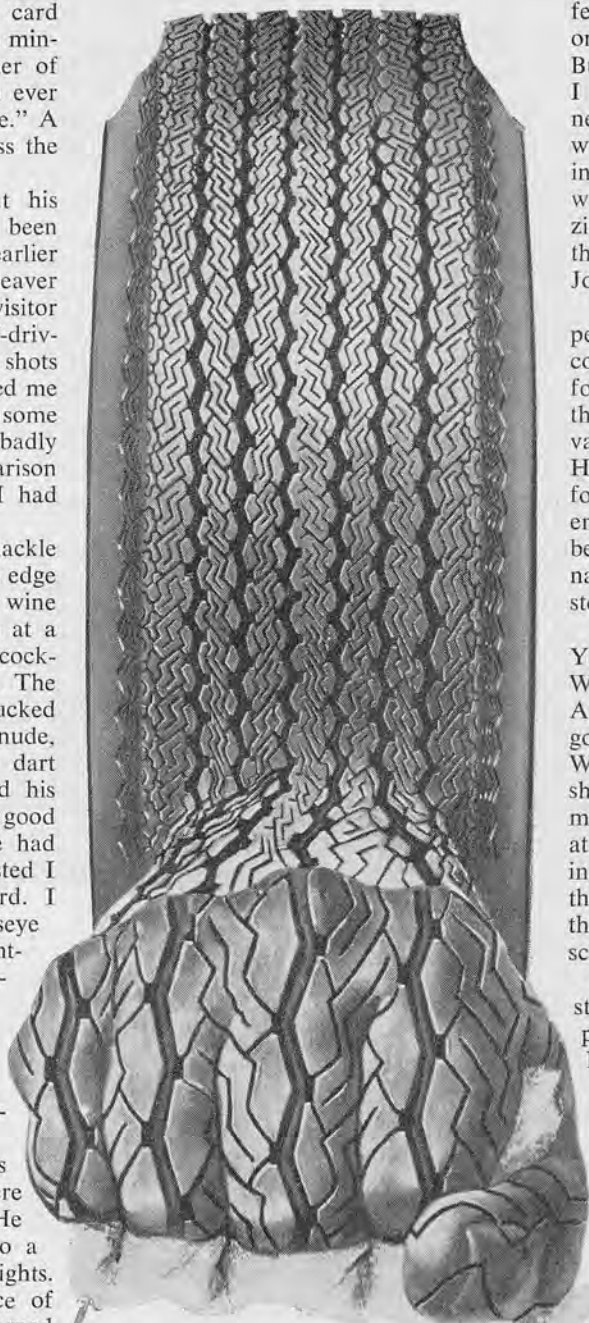
quite consciously trying to impress the college senior doing the card tricks. He listened silently for a minute, then said out of the corner of his mouth: "Bet none of them ever asked you to stay at their house." A sly, put-down smile flitted across the wide mouth.

There was no put-on about his hospitality; Namath, who had been so homesick here four years earlier that he almost went back to Beaver Falls, knew how to make a visitor feel at home. We went to a golf-driving range where he hit iron shots with a pro's accuracy. He handed me his club and told me to hit some shots. I refused, knowing how badly my shots would look in comparison to his. He seemed surprised I had refused and a little hurt.

That night, at the ramshackle house on which he lived on the edge of the campus, he swigged sweet wine from a bottle and tossed darts at a bullseye on a wall and at any cockroach that passed in the dark. The night was sweetly warm. Joe shucked off his clothes until he was nude, laughing shrilly as he tossed dart after dart. He needled me and his roommate, Jimmy Walsh in his good ole country boy drawl that he had picked up at Alabama. He insisted I throw some darts at the board. I threw two darts into the bullseye and he applauded, his eyes glinting with amusement. It was put-on flattery, but it came from a \$400,000 quarterback, and I couldn't help but like it and him.

In his good-old-boy way, however, he knew how to dominate people with the weight of his personality. One night we were driving around Tuscaloosa. He stopped the car and pointed to a sign, illuminated by his headlights. The sign marked the birthplace of the Ku Klux Klan. Later I learned that Joe, who grew up in a racially mixed neighborhood, was more in sympathy with Dr. Martin Luther King than the Klan. But now he was glaring at me, a put-on look of Bogie menace on his face, and he said, "You write something bad about me and I'll get the Klan after you."

I laughed but I couldn't get the scene out of my head when I sat



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down to write about Joe. Not that I feared the Klan would burn a cross on my Manhattan apartment house. But in writing the article, whatever I wrote about Joe—good, bad or neutral—I had the feeling that Joe, with that menacing glare, was looking over my shoulder at what I was writing. Later an editor of this magazine lamented that I had left out of the article some of the wilder side of Joe's nature.

But despite his almost hypnotic personality, Joe would not have become so famous so quickly except for a unique series of circumstances that, like blocks piled on blocks, elevated Joe to superstardom. As Jim Heffernan, director of information for the National Football Conference, said to me: "If Joe Namath had been signed by the St. Louis Cardinals, you wouldn't be writing this story right now."

True enough. Joe, playing in New York, got the national publicity that Willie Mays got and that Hank Aaron, perhaps a better player, never got. Then there was David (Sonny) Werblin, the owner of the Jets and a showbusiness genius, who was determined to make Joe a star who would attract crowds. From their first meeting Werblin perceived that Joe had the makings of a star personality, that Joe was, as Jim Heffernan describes him, "show biz."

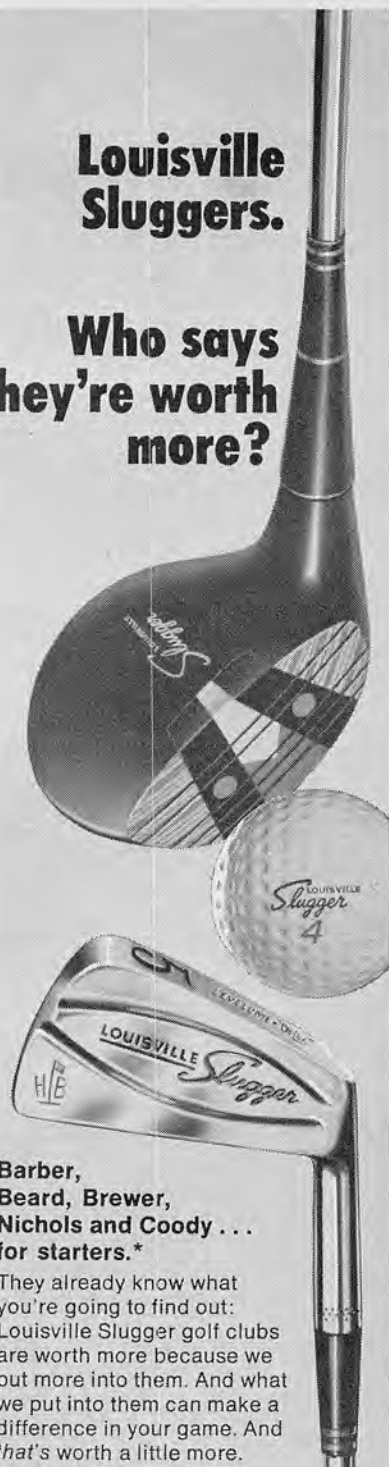
Once Joe was photographed backstage with Barbra Streisand, then appearing on Broadway in *Funny Girl*. Newspapers across the country ran the picture, which showed Joe tieless. The next day Werblin announced he was fining Joe for appearing in public without a tie. Newspapers ran the picture again, this time with the story about the fine.

"A lot of the buildup was planned," says Jet publicist Frank Ramos. "But one of the greatest things happened really by accident. And that was the \$400,000 price tag. We never put out that \$400,000 figure. But the St. Louis Cardinals had announced they were dropping out of the bidding for Joe at \$389,000. When we signed him a few days later, everyone figured the Jets had to have offered him \$400,000."

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highest sum ever paid for a football player up to then. The \$400,000 label, as Ramos says, immediately made Namath an identity even to people who didn't know a touchback from a touchdown. Joe was the AFL's \$400,000 white knight in its battle for parity with the established NFL. But even before the signing of Joe, in another one of those fortuitous circumstances that were to make him a celebrity, Joe got the chance to perform before one of the largest audiences ever to see a college football game. And to perform in the most dramatic of circumstances.

His Alabama team was playing Texas in the Orange Bowl, the first bowl game ever telecast in prime evening time. Joe was not supposed to play, his right knee having collapsed under him in practice a few days earlier. I can still see him as he appeared on my TV set, pacing the sideline, slouch-shouldered, glaring out onto the field as Texas took a 14-0 lead. Then coach Bear Bryant turned to him and there was a roar as he slipped on his helmet and limped onto the field. "Coming out there limping, in his white shoes, he was absolutely electrifying from the moment he came into that game and just moved that team," says Frank Ramos. He moved Alabama to within 12 inches of victory, Texas leading 21-17 with the ball on the one-foot line and seconds remaining. Joe tried to sneak over but was thrown back and hobbled off the field a loser. "It was the first time," says Ramos, "that millions of people felt sorry for someone with \$400,000."

For all of his pro career he was an object of awe and sympathy because of his bad knees. In a game against Buffalo he was hit and crumpled to the grass, the right leg bent grotesquely underneath him. In pain he grabbed his helmet and dashed it onto the ground.

"For one moment everyone thought his career was over," says Jack Horrigan, who was there. "He got up after checking whether he had two legs. On the next play you'd expect he'd hand off to Matt Snell and get out of the way. Instead he sets up, stands there in the teeth of a pass rush, and throws a bomb to Don Maynard for a touchdown."

Horrigan pauses. "I'll tell you," he says. "I have never met a player, on the Jets or on other teams, who didn't think that Joe was something

special."

That something special changed the structure of pro football, Frank Ramos believes. "There is no doubt," he says, "that Sonny Werblin saved the AFL with the signing of Namath." Jack Horrigan was the AFL publicist in its early years. "If Joe Namath had retired in 1965 or 1966," he says, "I kind of doubt if the leagues would ever have got together."

As though it were being weaved by Clifford Irving or some other master of fiction, the Namath story climaxed in the Jets' astounding upset of the Colts in the 1969 Super Bowl. The week before the game Joe loudly and brashly told people the Jets would beat the Colts, who were 17-point favorites. When the Jets did win, Joe forever quashed the arguments of NFL writers that the AFL was inferior. And he had established himself on the same shelf with the Unitases and Stars of the older league. "That's when everybody agreed the \$400,000 price tag was a valid one," says Jack Horrigan.

Now a winner, Joe did not change: Flamboyant and forthright, honest about himself and others to the point of being brutal and embarrassing. And this, too, inflated the Namath mystique. "He was an image of his time," says Pat Horne of the Patriots. "Have a good time, live your own life, the hell with everything, here I am, you lucky people."

"Like Joe or hate him because he is too loose with his tongue about bedroom matters," says Jack Horrigan, "he is himself. He is extremely honest. And this is an age when that's admired in people."

Fellow frog back Howard Cosell believes Namath is pro football's only superstar. "It's pretty hard to make a superstar out of MacArthur Lane," Cosell said. "Duane Thomas is a great ballplayer but no one will ever make a superstar out of him. You'll never make a superstar out of Roger Staubach, no way. He is a fine quarterback, but you are talking about more than athletic prowess. You are talking about a personality that somehow mass communicates."

Jim Kensil, the NFL's executive director, concedes there is no one of Namath's star-magnitude on the horizon today. The combination of circumstances, Kensil says, that elevated Joe to sudden stardom would be impossible to reproduce: A war between the leagues, his signing by a

New York team, plus Joe's own talent, personality and magnetism. "In another time and place," Kensil says, "Joe would not have been able to work his magnetism."

Sonny Werblin agrees. "Joe," he says, "is a product of his time. It's impossible to say if someone else will come along. It depends on a new set of situations."

"It will take a comparable talent longer to become a star," adds Kensil. "Look at Jim Plunkett. He had a better record than Namath in his first year. But Plunkett is not nearly as famous as Joe was. The talent is there, the circumstances are not."

Without a superstar like Namath, can pro football go on being as popular as it is—America's No. 1 spectator sport in at least one poll? Most everyone I talked to agreed with ABC-TV publicist Beano Cook, who said, "The sport will survive him."

"The game's popularity will not be diminished," Sonny Werblin said. "I don't think any one star transcends the game itself. A star can come along and revitalize interest in a game at a particular point in its history. But baseball didn't die when Babe Ruth dropped out, tennis didn't die when Bill Tilden finished, golf didn't die when Bobby Jones stopped. The game will go on without Joe Namath."

Joe's agent, Mike Bite, agreed. "It would be a sad day for pro football," he said, "if the game had to rely on one person to sustain its position."

Dick Schaap, the writer and TV sportscaster, who collaborated with Joe on his autobiography, *I Can't Wait Until Tomorrow*, thinks that sportswriters will miss Joe more than the game will miss him. "There are other players besides Namath whom the writers can talk to for good copy," Schaap said, "but they're not that easy to find. I don't want to make this seem too big, but pro football without Namath is like, on a much smaller scale, what politics is like without Bobby Kennedy. The political game is played now just as fiercely as it was four years ago, but with Bobby gone, it is not as much fun. I am sure some people have turned their backs on politics with Bobby gone, but it is a very small percentage. I am sure some people will turn their backs on pro football with Joe gone. But again it will be very few. The game will go on. It just won't be as much fun for awhile." ■

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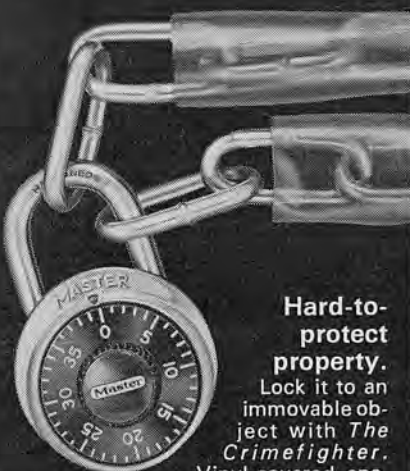
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CANAM '72 PREVIEW

(Continued from page 60)

where the CanAm stop will be made September 16-17 this year, Hulme won in 1970, Revvie last year, for a two for two McLaren record.

At Edmonton, where the CanAm will return to Canada September 30-October 1, Denny Hulme has won all four CanAms.

At Laguna Seca, California, McLaren is four for six, with Hulme winning in 1970, Revvie last year. Denny will have another go October 14-15 this season.

At Riverside, California, Hulme has won the past three seasons straight, for a five for six McLaren record. The season will close there October 28-29, 1972.

Denny Hulme, then, definitely is the unsung hero of Canadian-American Challenge Cup racing. He just plows along, winning races (and championships in 1968 and 1970) and letting the other fellows—the Revsons, Stewarts and Donohues—reap all the attention and the ink.

Hulme is not a man given to extravagant statements, yet there was a quiet determination in his voice when he said: "Jackie has won all those Grands Prix because he is a fine driver and had the best car much of the time. But he definitely is not God, you see. He can be beaten."

In contrast, Mark Donohue's attention is focused on machines, not men. "When Roger and I decided we might go CanAm racing again last year, we tried to buy a competitive McLaren, but we were told the same thing as everyone else," says Donohue. "You can buy a team car, or a brand new car just like a team car, one year after the team races it. In other words, Team McLaren always would be just a bit ahead of you no matter how much time, money and effort you invested."

Stewart tried to overcome that with Lola, a marque that has raced in the CanAm since its beginnings, and in fact the team that won the CanAm title in its opening year before the McLaren string of victories started in 1967. When that didn't work, Stewart tried to get manager Ken Tyrrell to go into the CanAm the same way Tyrrell had gone into the Grand Prix at Jackie's urging. But Tyrrell concluded, after serious study, that getting a real CanAm effort started would be more expensive than the Formula One effort he started in 1970, with much more

chancy prospects.

Tyrrell decided, in fact, that it would be less costly and offer greater opportunity for his team and for Stewart if they were to go after the Indianapolis 500. Whether that will materialize next season will be interesting to see, but that left Jackie where he was unless a new deal could be consummated. That deal was made with Team McLaren.

Meanwhile, Penske and Donohue were prepared to pass up the CanAm when Roger started negotiations with Porsche. The German manufacturer had had cars in the CanAm, but never on a factory basis. The CanAm Porsches always had been privately entered and run, except when a CanAm was held in conjunction with the Six-Hour Race at Watkins Glen. Besides, Porsche always had been intimately involved in the major endurance races, culminating in three straight manufacturers' championships, 1969-71.

A rule change to lesser powered cars for this season had caused Porsche to drop out as a factory entry in the enduros and left a vacuum that the Stuttgart factory neatly filled with its new Penske/Donohue CanAm operation. The CanAm also coincided with a popular European group of races called the Interserie, which uses the same type of Group 7 car that races CanAm.

"We are unique among major racing teams," Donohue explained, "in that we do not have the capability to build a race car from scratch. We must take someone else's car and work it. There is just so much you can do in this fashion. But with Porsche we have the full facilities of the factory behind us. We are in constant Telex communication, and either Roger or I are over in Germany almost every other week."

"When I do something to the car here, the engineers in Germany do the exact same thing to another 917-10K in Stuttgart. They may go a bit further, and they tell me what they've done and I try it here. Our interchange is continuing and very strong."

That interchange has been put to severe tests over the winter. Donohue estimated that by the time he took the line at Mosport this month, some 2400 man-hours had been invested in the car here in the States, and double the number in Germany.

"I think the total dollar investment will be past the \$1 million mark, or more than double that of Team McLaren to field their new car," Mark said.

"One or the other of us may be nothing more than a glamorous pile of junk if we have guessed wrong. There will be very little we can do over the five months of actual racing. Either we will have guessed right and done right or Roger Penske Racing Enterprises may be nonexistent next year at this time. We have a three-year contract with Porsche," Mark said "but I can feel the pressure on all sides to win this year. Porsche is used to winning, and so is Roger. Frankly, I am, too. I don't like finishing 15th in a stock car. The real problem is perfecting the turbocharging. Without it, I'm afraid we will be underpowered compared to the McLarens."

Meanwhile, while Porsche and McLaren worry about each other and tinker with turbocharging, there are other people preparing to race the CanAm series—even though their chances of winning the series title are virtually nonexistent and their chances of even winning a race are remote. Yet the CanAm series is so rich that everyone dreams of pulling off a season like that of Lothar Motschenbacher, the German-born, California-domiciled driver who holds the distinction of racing in all 49 CanAm races run through the 1971 season. Two years ago Lothar finished second in one race, dropped out of four races with mechanical problems, and trailed in every other start yet finished second in the overall standings in points and dollar winnings to Hulme and his McLaren.

It is this dream of making a big dollar killing despite the lack of real chance at victory that has kept last year's Team McLaren cars in the 1972 series. This season they are being raced by Gregg Young, who will race one car and field the other for another top

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driver. Meanwhile, Jackie Stewart's 1971 L&M Lola (and his backup car, too) will race in 1972 under the hands of John Greenwood of Troy, Michigan. B.F. Goodrich has given Greenwood good backing for CanAm.

Another major attention-getter in 1971, the UOP (Universal Oil Products) Shadow, which runs on lead-free fuel, was junked this winter, but Jackie Oliver of England has a new Shadow for CanAm in 1972. The Shadow project started several years ago as a far-out design with ten-inch wheels. The wheels have gotten larger, the project more conventional and the car more competitive. This year the Shadow rolls on conventionally sized wheels.

Most of the rest of the 1972 CanAm starting grids will look like 1971. A heavy sprinkling of McLarens will be present, including everything up to newly built M8Fs, which supposedly are like the Team McLaren cars of last season. Trojan Ltd., a small British firm, is licensed by McLaren to make these customer cars.

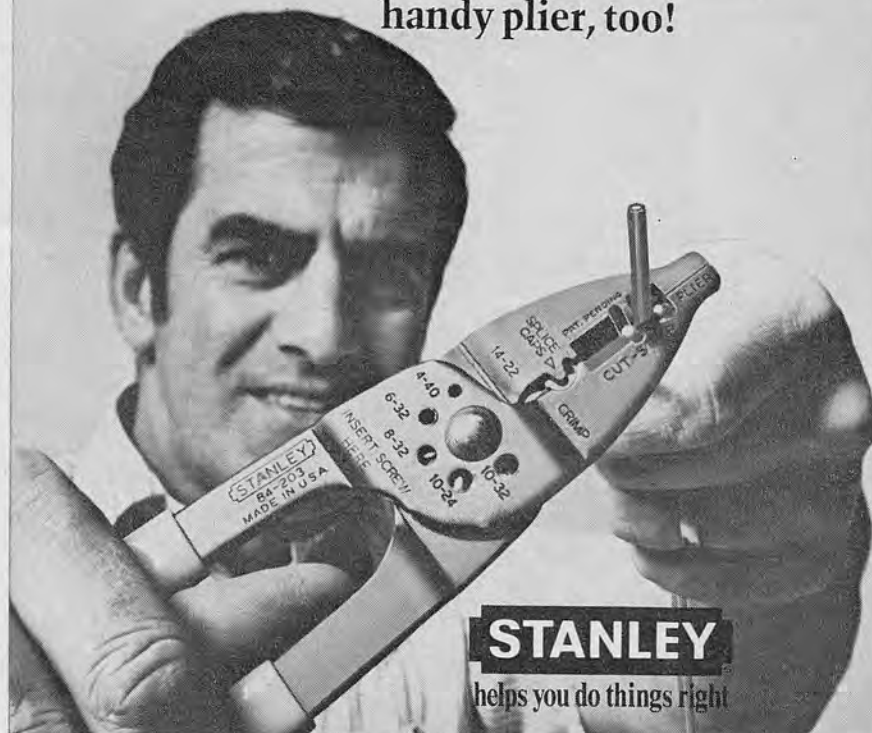
Eric Broadley's Lola firm not only races, but makes its own cars for customers. No Lola T260s like Stewart's 1971 mount have been made, but plenty of T222s (the 1971 non-Stewart Lola CanAm car) have been offered to 1972 customers.

Back in the CanAm pack trading goes on as ever. And from time to time foreign cars and drivers will test their skills in the CanAm.

When all is said and done, however, the CanAm really comes back to Donohue's two front men—McLaren and Porsche—engaged in a knock-down, dragout knife fight. No holds barred. No quarter given.

And Jackie Stewart's maxim, formulated after last season's CanAm, will stand: "Show me a *gracious* loser, and I'll show you a *loser*." ■

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JAVELIN THROWER

(Continued from page 73)

the spring of 1971, Bill probably should have split from Knoxville, gotten the mustache vibrations out of his head, begun training for the Olympics out in southern California. But now Knoxville had a hold on him because of the new person in his life—who bought a sweat-suit and jogged with him, who packed him huge lunches when he took a welding job. They made plans to be married but then came the violent interruption.

Skinner remembers October 28, 1971. It fits into the rhythm of his Olympic training. On that day, he was throwing the javelin 240 feet consistently. He bench-pressed 305 pounds of weights. And his body weighed 240 solid pounds. These were figures that would come back to haunt him.

The night of October 28, he took Nelda out for a sandwich, not to some "fightin' bar," which every town has, but to a fast-food emporium.

"We were having a bite when these four grubby rednecks started hanging all over each other, cursing and pretending to make out with each other. I told them I didn't appreciate them doing that in the presence of my girl."

The four men went outside and became involved with a friend of Skinner and a security guard. ("A rent-a-cop," Skinner sniffs. Some of his closest friends are policemen, and he felt he could sense that this non-policeman "could not cope with the situation.")

Skinner went outside to help and the four men began cursing him, he says. When he warned them to stop, he says he became aware of one of them approaching him from the side.

"Instinctively, I just kind of swatted him, to keep him out of the way," he said. "Then I had one of them hanging all over me, clawing me. I tried to get him off but before I knew it I was stabbed four times. My friend got stabbed near the kidney. They got in their car and raced through the parking lot. I had to push Nelda between two parked cars to keep her from getting hit."

Then came the realization that one knife wound had punctured his lower intestine. He was rushed to the hospital, where doctors opened him up to fight a potential infection.

"I didn't know if Bill was going to make it for a few days," Nelda said. "He was so weak."

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Lying in the hospital bed, watching the doctors work on him, the huge man began to realize what had gone out of his body in one flick of a knife.

"I'm down but I'm not out," he told Neil Amdur of the New York Times by telephone on November 10, his voice hoarse and heavy. "I've sacrificed everything in the last year and it makes you wonder what life is all about. I'm not sure what's ahead now."

True to the tradition of the rugged American male—see any Gary Cooper movie—Skinner struggled out of the hospital before Thanksgiving. The doctor told him not to work out for several weeks but Skinner began jogging again, testing his body against the standards of October 28. His weight was down near 200. And the muscles that had bench-pressed 305 pounds could not lift half that weight.

With the medical bills pouring in, Skinner was shocked to see the four men released without being convicted of anything.

"They let them go. Nothing. I still don't understand it," Skinner says. "I talked to one officer and I said I guessed I was too far South. He said maybe I was right. I don't feel there was any connection with the mustache but it just seemed to add to everything else."

About the same time, Skinner says, a young man with a similar name was involved in a drug investigation. The athlete asked newspapers and radio stations to clarify that it was not him, which they did, but the clarifications always seemed to be in a smaller print or lower decibel than the original story. It was, all in all, a rather bad time. The only good part about the winter was marrying Nelda.

While Nelda worked at her challenging job, traveling to New York once a month, trying to judge what dresses will be popular next year, Bill stayed home in Knoxville, doing the household chores. ("I'm a firm believer in women's lib," he insists.)

And while Knoxville's dogwoods moved effortlessly toward their blossoming last spring, the big man struggled to rebuild himself in time for the Olympic trials.

The Olympiad, once every four years, is a cruel way of measuring time. Skinner had given up pushing for the 1968 Olympics so he could enroll at Tennessee. Now, at the age

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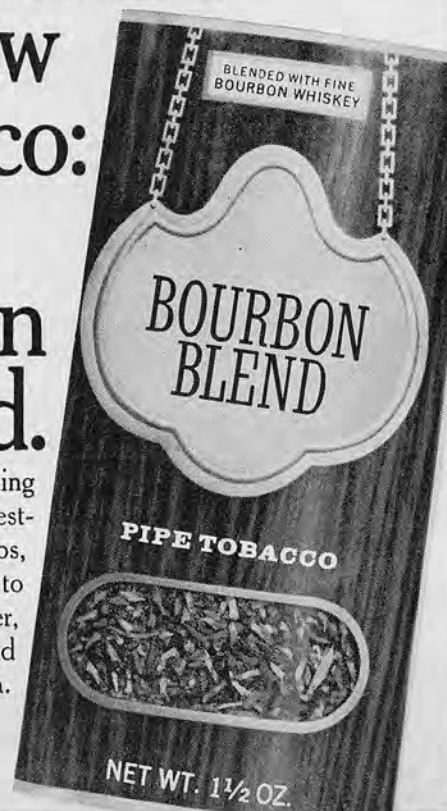
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of 32, he knew there could be no "wait till next year."

Even without the injury, conditioning would have been tougher than ever before, simply because the body does not repair itself as well at 32 as it did at 22. It is hard for a man of 32 to realize that his muscles still ache on a Thursday because of the basketball he played on Tuesday. It was much, much harder for a stabbing victim, who was two pints of blood short and had trouble putting back ten pounds around his neck and chest and shoulders, the places where a javelin thrower finds his "explosion."

"Most people think you throw the javelin with your arm," Skinner says. "Actually, your arm sticks way behind you. It's violent. Your hips move first. You ride over your left leg. Your chest moves. Your arm is really kind of dormant."

Skinner was not throwing the javelin very well this spring and he was concerned. He was trying protein diets and vitamin injections and even hypnosis to recall his technique the day he threw 291-9½ in Stuttgart (not that far from Jorma Kinunen's world record of 304-1½).

But his best help came from George Moschis, the Greek javelin thrower who had helped recruit him to UT. Now pursuing his doctorate at Wisconsin, Moschis returned to Knoxville to coach Skinner during spring vacation. They took double and triple workouts every day, with Skinner falling into bed exhausted every night, muttering at his friend's slave-driving methods.

While Moschis was visiting Knoxville, Bill's seven-year-old daughter, Stacy, flew in from Delaware for her spring vacation. He winces when he describes how the little girl developed stomach aches when her parents separated. He seems to relax when he talks about how Nelda and Stacy became friends and traveled to the Dunn farm for a few days. He talks about a second family, as soon as the Olympic thing is over.

It was all down to a couple of months now. In May, Bill planned to go to California for some big meets and the final intense preparation for the Olympic trials in Eugene, Oregon, on July 1. He felt sure he would make the U.S. team but he realized that six of the seven men who have beaten his best mark are still active.

"I'm working for the gold medal," he said. "Nobody remembers who finished second in anything. Do you remember the second man on the moon? Nobody remembers."

After that? Skinner doesn't know. He thinks he'd like to try a sales job, perhaps in Atlanta, and he talks longingly of the steamed crabs of Delaware, his Polish and Italian friends back in the Northeast, the ethnic mixtures that made life so refreshing. But Nelda has her good job in Knoxville, so the future is vague.

One thing he does know: The welder with the tattoos is a different man than he had been in 1968. He has his strong doubts about the war ("all we're doing is supporting dope-pushers and crooks over there") and he has his doubts about people who judge him by his mustache.

"It's just like we were saying last Sunday at church," he said, back in mid-spring. "People get upset by appearances. Like Jesus, when he washed the apostles' feet. Suppose you walked by that room and saw this guy with a beard bending down, washing other guys' feet. What would you think? I don't judge people very quickly any more."

STAN SMITH AND THE PROTESTANT ETHIC

(Continued from page 52)

maybe some guys are, I really don't know. But I have improved my concentration over long periods of time. And I have enough confidence now to squeeze through some matches even if I don't have the edge. If I lose my nerve, I feel inside that I can bear down and break right back."

Stan surprised himself in February and March by winning four tournaments back-to-back on the U.S. indoor circuit. After the first, the National Indoors at Salisbury, Maryland, he told his friend and business agent Donald Dell that he thought it would be very difficult to keep winning. "The draws are fairly small on this circuit, so there aren't any easy matches. With all the travel and quick adjustment to different surfaces and lighting, it's hard to maintain a groove," he said. Besides, Dubuque by any other name still doesn't stir much adrenalin.

But starting at Salisbury, Stan piled up 20 matches in a row to win the four events, and eventually stretched the streak to 25 before losing to Clark Graebner in the final match of

a round robin in which he had already clinched first place.

"The streak was a bit of an eye-opener for me," Stan admitted. "After winning the second tournament, I told Donald, 'Well, I was wrong, but the third will really be a sign of how well I can play.' When I won that, I wanted to see just how long I could go without losing a match."

After Salisbury, Stan had said with typical modesty that he couldn't rate himself any higher than No. 5 or 6 in the world. He put Rod Laver, Newcombe, Ken Rosewall and Tom Okker as the four best, "in no particular order." He placed himself and Nastase jointly on the next rung.

After his streak he declined to amend that ranking. "I haven't played any of the guys I put ahead of myself, and won't until the ban (which barred pros under contract to Lamar Hunt's World Championship Tennis, including Smith's top four, from International Federation events) is lifted," he explained. "I think I'm playing better, but you can't be satisfied until you beat the guys who rival you. I don't think any player can be satisfied

saying he's one of the best in the world until he's proved it against all the others."

Stan Smith was born in southern California and spent his entire preteen life there, except for a couple of eight-week summer vacations studying piano at a rustic music camp in Colorado. He looks like he stepped right out of *Surfer Boy* or *Beach Blanket Bingo*—clean, sharp blue eyes, blond and muscular. His sturdy 6-4 frame is always perfectly bronzed. He's made for a surfboard.

But Stan's philosophy and lifestyle couldn't be farther apart from the California drifter. You have to wonder what he would look like in a Norman Rockwell portrait, because that is his mode. The Smith family lived in the Pasadena area for 30 years, but Stan's values are those of his father's home: Lincoln, Nebraska. He is a man of Middle America—in fact, the Middle America of a generation ago.

Stan Smith is intensely religious, patriotic and he is humble. He admits he (Continued on page 104)

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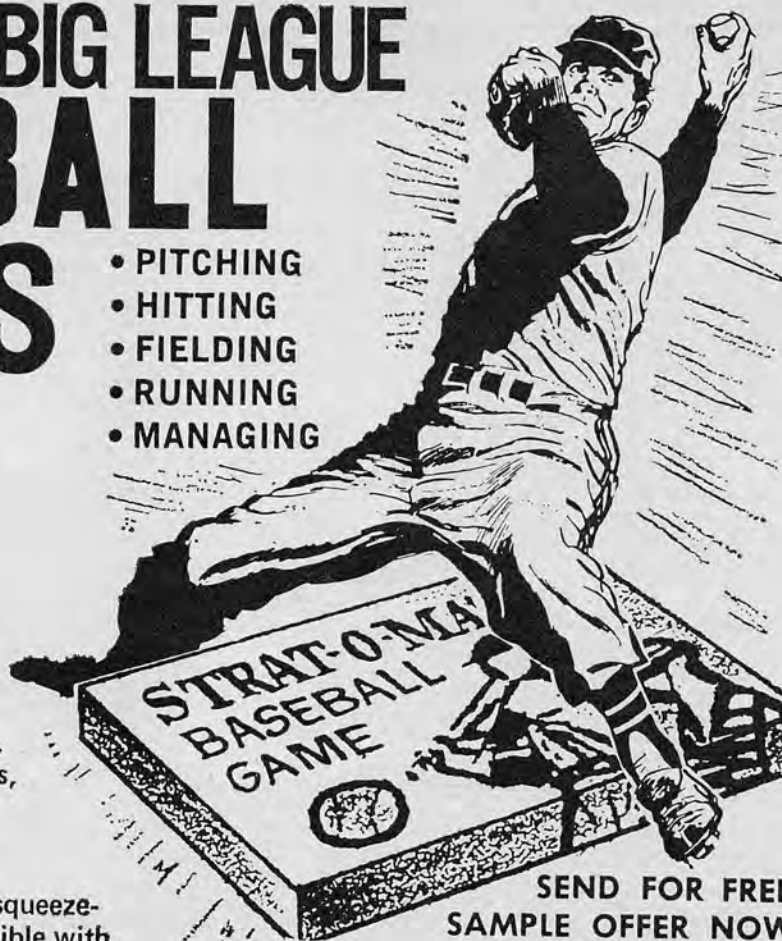
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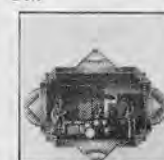
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STAN SMITH

(Continued from page 100)

once was inflexible, too, but in recent years has decided that tolerance is a Christian virtue. The most radical organization he's ever joined is the Big Brothers of America, and he has an abiding confidence in the viability of the American Dream. He is exactly what you expected a sports star to be before *Ball Four*. He worries about the temptations of conspicuous consumption, but is happy to have money "to donate to causes I believe in, or maybe to establish an organization or institution that will benefit society."

Almost everything in Stan's life revolves around his Christian beliefs. "It's more than a religion in the usual sense," he says. "For me, Christianity is a code of living. It's trying to live like Christ did, emulating the perfect life he led. Everybody has drawbacks, but you just try to improve, to come as close to Christ's example as possible."

The Smiths—Stan's parents and brothers Ken, now 32, and Steve, 30—were a relatively close-knit family, at least by today's standards. "My brothers were old enough when I was a kid that I always just got in the way," Stan remembers. "I was obnoxious, very loud and jealous for attention, like any other kid with two older brothers. I didn't really become close with my brothers until I was in high school and they were getting married and moving away. But at least we did things as a family, and sometimes just sat around and shot the breeze together. That's very important, I think, but it doesn't happen very often anymore. The disintegration of the family is one of the saddest things in America today."

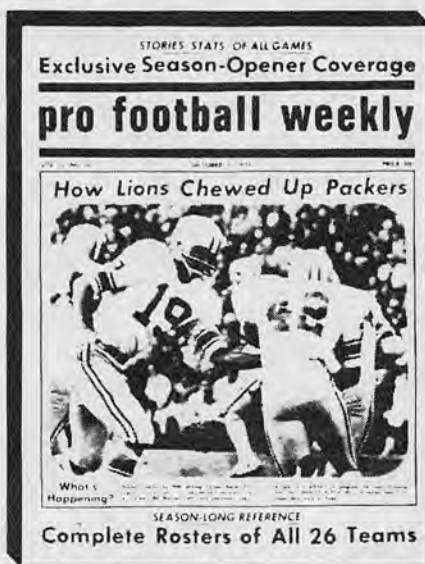
Stan's parents are churchgoing Presbyterians and he was a regular Sunday school attendee until his early teens, when he started reaching the Sunday afternoon finals of tennis tournaments. But his real devotion to Christian belief didn't come until his freshman year at the University of Southern California. His roommate was Jim Marsh, a close friend and basketball teammate at Pasadena High who went on to star for the USC varsity and play in the NBA. He was involved in the Athletes in Action program, a branch of the Campus Crusade for Christ.

"Jim was a Christian and I talked to him a great deal about it," Stan says. "I got quite involved in the

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athletes' fellowship group and became more and more interested in Christian fellowship and influencing kids in that respect." Stan now hopes to organize a similar program for the tennis circuit.

"I hate to see kids become non-productive, even though I can see why it happens so often today," he says. "Values have changed so quickly. Kids can't understand why their parents go to an office and work at jobs that don't seem to take much ability. They can't comprehend the hypocrisy in lifestyles. Morals have changed so fast that kids say, 'Aw to heck with it, I'll do what I please because things can't get any worse.' There's a strong 'I-give-up, I-can't-take-it-anymore' attitude. . . . They ask what's the sense of progressing if that just means more money, more population, more hassles. . . . They give up and turn to things like drugs, which I consider the biggest problem we face today. Drugs are the culmination of the give-up attitude."

One of the charities Smith actively supports—along with the Campus Crusade for Christ (he supports a working staff member) and the Big Brothers of America (he organized a program in his fraternity at USC and is on the board of directors of the Los Angeles chapter, even though he no longer lives there)—is the Salt Company Mission from Hollywood. Affiliated with the Hollywood Presbyterian Church, this organization began by sponsoring a coffee house and singing group and has now expanded to a full-scale program for rehabilitating drug addicts in Hollywood.

"This is one of the most worthwhile projects I know of," says Stan, who donated his share of the Martini & Rossi prize—\$3750—to the Mission. "It addresses itself to the Christian belief and rehabilitates addicts spiritually as well as physically."

Stan's own lifestyle is patterned after his spiritual beliefs. He is a square in a sport known for swingers. He makes it a point to stay away from the scene of a tournament except to practice, play his matches and maybe watch two or three matches a week involving his buddies. Fellow players who have been acquaintances for years say they really know him only superficially. Some colleagues mockingly call him Saintly Stan. Many think he has nothing on his mind except hitting a tennis ball. It is hardly surprising that Stan has

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been criticized for "never having learned to have fun." Neither is it surprising that the criticism doesn't bother him.

"You can take that several ways," he says in his slow deliberate way of talking. "It might mean that a person doesn't enjoy life, but I don't think that's what anyone intends to say about me. I think they're referring to the fact that I'm more disciplined, more conditioned to a schedule, and less flexible in that regard than a lot of other guys. I really think I have a lot of fun. I enjoy the life and the people I associate with. Maybe when they say I don't have fun, they really mean I don't like to go out drinking and carousing the whole night. But that's only one concept of fun."

Stan's arduous training program—which in addition to regular practice includes running, calisthenics, exercises to improve mobility, and this year, yoga—has been a key to his success in tennis. He is strong, fit, and has increased his speed and agility every year. He's something of a conditioning fanatic, and this too is traceable to his philosophy.

"I know I have a certain amount of talent in tennis—that's the thing I

do best at this point in my life," he says. "I think it's part of my responsibility as a Christian to get as much out of that talent as possible.

"An athlete has maybe five or ten years of peak productivity. If he wastes those years, he can always say, 'Well, if I had wanted to make the sacrifices I could have done it.' I know several players with more talent than I who seem to be adopting that attitude. But I'd rather look back ten years from now and say, 'I tried as hard as I could.' Either I'll do it or else I won't, but at least I'll be able to say I did my best to take advantage of the talent I had."

The results so far have been exemplary. Last year Stanley Smith earned over \$100,000 in prize money and got to keep a good chunk of it even though he's a Spec. 4 in the U.S. Army. (Assigned to special duty as a member of a national team, Stan gives clinics and does other public relations work under Army sports director Major Willis Johnson. He can keep any money he earns on leave or after duty hours, and the rest of his winnings go to the U.S. Davis Cup Fund, which also serves as his expense account.)

Endorsements and affiliations have made Stan a wealthy young man. He currently endorses shoes (Pro-Keds in the U.S., Adidas in Europe), gut (VS), a synthetic surface (Sportface), and Pepsi-Cola (which is switching him to public relations from the management training program he enrolled in as a marketing and finance major at USC). He has his own autograph racket with Wilson, and will soon endorse the Stan Smith clothing line for Duojet. He is a partner with several of Donald Dell's other tennis player clients in First Service Insurance Agency and a new resort complex in Puerto Rico. He is also the touring pro and tennis director for Sea Pines Plantation, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina, where he lives in a villa supplied by the club. It is a rather pleasant existence for an Army draftee, but Stan is not unaware of the paradox.

"I'm sometimes confronted by parents of boys who have been killed in the war or are presently risking their lives," he says. "They ask me what right I have to be going around the world playing tennis in the Army, while their sons are sacrificed. That is an emotional argument, and there

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is nothing I can say to satisfy those parents. I just tell them I don't favor the war, I don't want fighting and killing any more than anyone else. I don't want to serve in Vietnam either. And there would be absolutely no purpose served by my trading places with any infantryman on the lines.

"I have certain talents which can be very useful to the Army in the capacity in which I'm now serving. I can use my tennis and public relations skills—as a speaker and teacher—to promote the Army and its community and foreign relations projects."

Stan was a good athlete who just happened into tennis. As a kid he played whatever sport was in season. He was a quarterback and end in football, a center and later a guard in basketball, a shortstop and catcher in baseball, a high jumper in track. He lettered in four sports at Wilson Junior High and two (basketball and tennis) at Pasadena High School. He can't even remember when he first picked up a racket—he thinks he was 11 or 12 at the time—but he did so only because a group of his playmates went en masse for some public parks lessons.

Ken Smith, Stan's dad, had coached basketball, tennis and several other sports as the physical education teacher at Pasadena City College for 20 years, but he quit that job when Stan was six and went into real estate.

The sports influence was always there, though. His mother had also been a phys ed teacher, and both his older brothers were good athletes. His parents always encouraged athletic participation without pushing. The only thing they ever pushed him into was piano, and he rebelled against that—especially after the second summer at the Colorado music camp forced him to miss the Little League All-Star Game and cost him the league home run title.

Stan says he was a bit gangly as a youngster, though fairly well coordinated. His loyalties to the major sports were equally divided through

junior high, but then he fell in love with basketball. The turning point in Stan's life career came with "the hardest decision I ever had to make as a kid." That was in the fall of 1963, when he gave up basketball at Pasadena High to devote full time to tennis practice. He finally made the decision in tears.

Actually, his traumatic decision paid off richly for Stan. He improved so much in tennis in the fall of 1963 that he even won a few sets from the "established" Juniors at the L.A. Tennis Club. He worked out twice a week with Pancho Segura in Beverly Hills, where he learned a great deal about tactics and strategy and picked up most of his touch. By the summer of '64, he was chosen by the Southern California Tennis Association to represent the section in three national Junior tournaments "back East." Stan won the tournament unseeded. Two weeks later he won the National Junior title at Kalamazoo. He won it essentially the same way he wins today—a power game, reliable strokes and incredible effort.

To try his hardest and do his best on the court under existing conditions and circumstances, is, as far as Stan Smith is concerned, the most noble thing he can do in his profession. And he sees that attitude as part of the Great American Tradition.

That is the basis of Stan's faith in American institutions. "I'm aware of the problems that have caused so much disillusionment in today's youth," he says, "but I haven't lost faith in the system. I can't agree with protestors who want to tear everything down, because I haven't seen them come up with any alternatives. We just have to work within the system to improve it."

"If we attack our society's problems with the same gummy attitude we always have before, we can keep up with them and eventually solve them. But if we give up before we start, we'll just fall further behind."

It is Stan's Smith attitude, certainly; it is in fact his whole life. Basically Stan Smith is a self-made man. He has practiced and trained endless hours. He has disciplined himself thoroughly, and translated his sweat into success. In accordance with his philosophy, and his gummy attitude, he does his best to make the most of his talent.

That is the essence of the Protestant ethic. ■

PHOTO CREDITS

Russ Adams—51. Martin Blumenthal—6 (2), 20, 25, 76. General Racing—58-59 (top). Fred Kaplan—68. McGovern For President—49 (left). Ken Murray—70, 73 (2). Ozzie Sweet—56. Tony Tomsic—54. UPI—12, 32, 49 (middle), 52. Wide World—8, 42 (6), 43 (4), 49 (right), 57, 74.

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TEAR OFF HERE

(Continued from page 57)

of the *Free Press*. Falls never really rapped Horton last year. He simply pointed out what Willie was doing and let Willie's actions speak for themselves. Even then, Falls didn't exactly tear Horton apart. The toughest thing he wrote was: "The question is: Why is he acting the way he is . . . like a petulant child?" Later, in the same column, written last summer, Falls suggested that a trade might help, that there might have been too much pressure on Horton because he is a hometown boy.

The Tigers did try to trade him during the past winter, but couldn't get anywhere nearly full value for him. They would settle only for a front-line pitcher and none was offered.

Willie's problems multiplied as the 1971 season progressed. One day he sprained his wrist when he fell off the roof of his house. A big deal was made out of that in the public print because the media weren't told for five days how it happened and Horton had orders not to talk about it. The reason for the secrecy was to keep the opposition guessing, but instead of the opposition it kept media and Tiger fans guessing and Willie on a hot seat of speculation. When the story was released it sounded like a cover-up. Some of the media openly said so and in the end the only one to take any sort of beating was Horton.

But it wasn't a bad beating—just the usual gentle slap on the wrist for good old Willie Horton, Detroit's own beloved child of nature. Willie resented it anyhow because Willie was in a mood to resent everything last year.

Then another blow fell. Willie's unhappy season, which already made him look like a soap opera hero, took the meanest turn of all when Rich Hinton of the White Sox hit him in the face with a pitch and knocked him out of action for virtually the rest of the season.

In the meantime, one of Horton's biggest boosters, Longworth Quinn, editor of Detroit's black newspaper, the *Michigan Chronicle*, added his voice to the rising tide of Horton criticism.

To Horton, one of the most devastating effects of unfavorable publicity was his young son's reaction. Old enough to read the newspapers, the boy repeatedly embarrassed his

father by asking why the papers said such bad things about him.

Willie's final indignity came on the last day of the 1971 season, in Cleveland. Only a few days before, Martin had put Horton, recovered from the eye injury, back into the Tiger lineup against Willie's will. When he failed to run out a ground ball, Martin waited until he reached his outfield position in the Indians' half of the inning, then yanked him.

It was after that incident that Horton announced his "retirement." At the time, it was reported by some that what Willie really wanted was to be traded, but Horton himself claims he didn't put it that way and that anyone who wrote he did was jumping to conclusions. It didn't matter, because he took it all back before you could say "Billy Martin."

The fact that Willie made a complete about face within two weeks was the result of the efforts of Jimmy Campbell and Judge Damon Keith of the U.S. District Court in Detroit. Judge Keith, one of the nation's few black federal justices, had been Willie's advisor from the start. Through Keith, then a highly respected lawyer, Willie collected an estimated \$50,000 bonus when he first signed with the Tigers. Up to 1970 he had frequently sought Keith's advice and almost always followed it.

Although much busier after becoming a judge, Keith always found time for Willie, but Willie seemed to find less and less time for him. Campbell had tried unsuccessfully several times during the stormy 1971 season to get Horton to call the judge. When the season ended with Horton and Martin apparently in a hopeless deadlock, Campbell had a long talk with Willie,

gave him some goodies from his upper right desk drawer and finally brought him and Judge Keith together.

The Judge finished the job of reconciliation between Horton and the Tigers which Campbell had begun. Much of what he did was personal—the sort of thing Horton won't talk about—but it seems certain that the Judge helped Willie iron out the troubles that had been primarily responsible for Horton's unusual behavior. Somewhere along the line Willie's domestic troubles were patched up, eliminating his sorest problem. Once reunited with his family he was much easier to handle.

The fact that Willie was about to undergo surgery made it easier for Campbell to establish peace between Martin and Horton. It helped no end that Horton was immobilized in the hospital with the season over and the pressures off. From his bed, the whole world looked different to Willie, with all the problems of the 1971 season fading into the background.

Perhaps Martin, rusticated at his home in Richfield, Minnesota, decided he had better patch things up with his slugging outfielder if he expected his team to get anywhere in 1972, or maybe Campbell ordered him to return to Detroit to see Horton. Whatever the reason, Martin went shortly after the 1971 season ended and, in the tranquil atmosphere of a hospital room, he and Willie had what must have been a touching reunion. It's not easy to argue with a patient convalescing from an operation, nor for a convalescing patient to argue with a visitor who, voluntarily or otherwise, came 600 miles to see him.

The love feast between a couple of guys who had been at each other's throats for a whole season went on and on, and at this writing no end is in sight.

Whether all this is really mutual admiration or mutual expediency remains to be seen. That Willie is a different guy from last year is obvious. And there is no question that Martin is better off having Horton as a friend than an enemy. At his best, Willie can help Martin win a pennant. At anything less than his best, Willie can't help Martin win anything.

"A beautiful man," Willie called Martin last spring.

Will Willie love Billy in October as he did in March? Will Billy love Willie? Tune in again next October and find out. ■

THE SPORT QUIZ

ANSWERS
From page 14

- 1 a. 2 a. 3 c. 4 c. 5 c. 6 a. 7 a. 8 c.
9 Brock—Stolen bases; Seaver—ERA;
Cedeno—Two-base hits; Lolich—Strike-
outs. 10 b. 11 b. 12 c. 13 b. 14 a. 15 b.
16 b.

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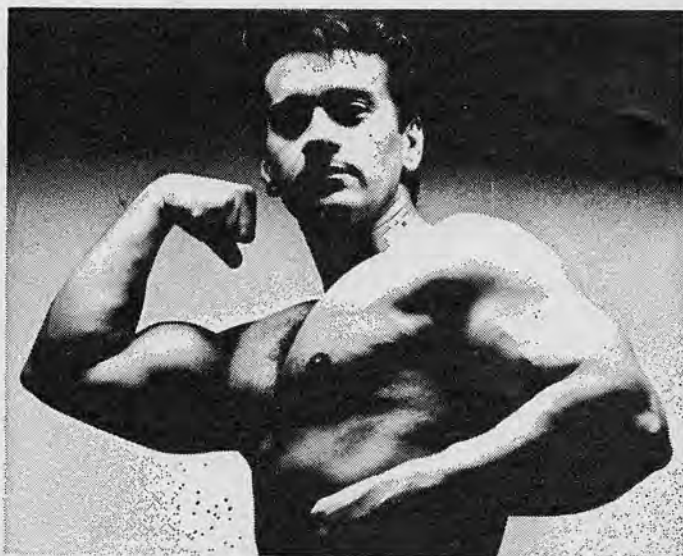
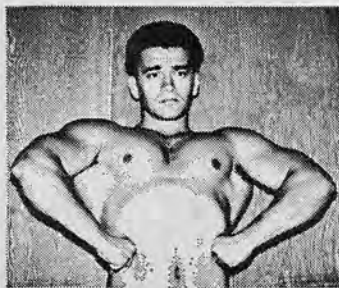
P. Williams

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B. Daniels

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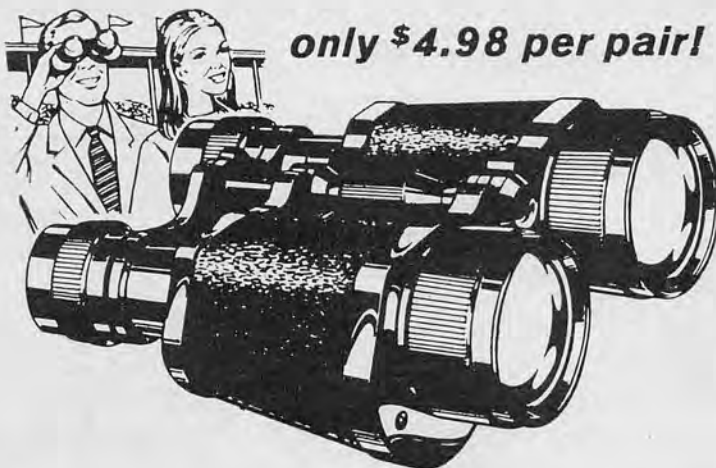
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LOOMS THE MAD STORK

(Continued from page 64)

that day for something else. Walt Kichefski, the defensive line coach, had benched him before the game. "He moved me down to second string, and he was right," Ted recalled. "I was approaching the stage of development where I knew more than the coaches did. I was playing my own game. Good old coach 'Ski taught me something right there, as he did throughout my college career. I discovered that he is a man of principle who does what he says he'll do. I give him a lot of credit for my development. Anyway, after he demoted me, I started looking within myself," Hendricks added. "I told myself I'd better get back to basics. By the time I got in the LSU game I was ready to play, all right."

Nobody argued with Hendricks' All-America status in 1967. As a sophomore the year before he had made one All-America team, but was passed over by most selectors for a couple of ends named Alan Page of Notre Dame and Bubba Smith of Michigan State.

As a senior he again won everything, including a \$1000 diamond ring from the Miami Touchdown Club and the Knute Rockne Memorial Award from the Washington, D.C., Touchdown Club as the outstanding lineman of 1968.

Ted's towering torso, a 17-inch neck and 36-inch waist, was a puzzle to the Colts at first. Hendricks and Zarowny first began negotiations with Steve Rosenbloom, then his father Carroll's assistant, at the Rosenblooms' Golden Beach, Florida home. Just as the amiable session ended, Rosenbloom tossed a Sunday punch.

"I guess neither of you gentlemen has any objection if I weigh Ted, do you? I just happen to have a scale handy." Fully clothed, Hendricks registered just 218.

"He caught us off guard," said Zarowny. "If Ted had eaten before the meeting, it would have been worth at least \$1000 a pound. Ted would have been about \$5000 ahead."

But the Colts were still entertaining possibilities of Hendricks at end. They issued him No. 83, a defensive lineman's number. "I couldn't take 89, my college number," Hendricks said. "It had belonged to Gino Marchetti and nobody else was about to wear it. In the end, they didn't have anywhere else to put me but linebacker."

At first it didn't look like he'd be seeing much action even at lineback-

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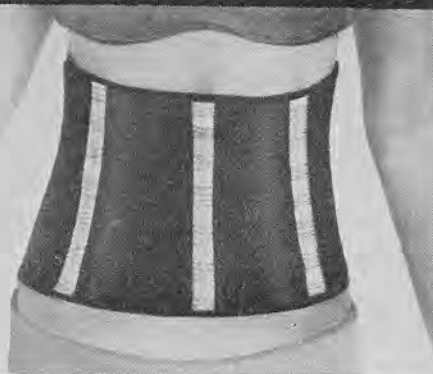
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er. "At the beginning, I was behind Mike Curtis (then an outside line-backer) and that didn't give me any hope at all," he told John Crittenden of The Miami News. "Mike wouldn't even let me practice. I'd go in and two plays later he would come running out and chase me off the field. Said he needed the work. I spent seven or eight games that year sliding around like a hog on ice."

In November of 1969, with the Colts struggling through their worst season since Shula's debut in 1963, the coach made some moves that not only became permanent but infused the Colts with the linebacking strength that characterizes them today. Shula moved Mike Curtis to the middle replacing Dennis Gaubatz, put Ray May in Curtis' left-side spot and inserted the rookie Hendricks on the right side replacing Don Shinnick. Both Hendricks and Curtis have thrived there ever since.

Of course, Hendricks had some learning to do. Having no college experience at it, pass coverage gave him his biggest problem. "The play that's really tough is the run-pass, where it will start like a run and a halfback will come at you as if to block you," he explained. "Naturally you try to evade him, and then he runs past you and you know it's a pass."

In his second pro season, true to his word, Hendricks helped see to it that the Colts did not lose another Super Bowl. He was a standout in the 16-13 victory over Dallas, just as he had been all season. At the time his third pro season was starting last September, he was introduced at a Baltimore luncheon as an All-Pro prospect.

"He seemed startled when it was mentioned," said Ernie Accorsi, the Colts' publicist. "It was as though he had never given All-Pro a thought."

A national TV audience saw what Hendricks could do on Monday night, November 8, against Los Angeles. With the score tied 10-10 five minutes into the fourth quarter, Ram running back Larry Smith fumbled the ball on his 31-yard line. "I don't know if the ball took one bounce or not," said Hendricks later. "It was sort of hanging there when I caught it. All I know is that I saw that open field in front of me and was so excited I started running." He didn't stop until he scored the go-ahead touchdown for the Colts.

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were ahead 7-0 and driving into Colt territory when Jet quarterback Bob Davis rolled out for a pass. "I knew there was a linebacker between me and the receiver," he later explained, "but I've thrown over them before and didn't expect any trouble doing it this time. It's just that you don't have time to think that it's Ted Hendricks and he's 6-7. All of a sudden he goes straight up in the air like a basketball player and makes the interception that turns the game around." After Hendricks returned the ball to mid-field, Johnny Unitas led the Colts to the tying touchdown. But that wasn't the end of the ballgame, for the Jets or Hendricks. The Colts were ahead 14-7 when the Jets scored another touchdown. Bobby Howfield trotted onto the field for the automatic conversion kick that would tie the game. The ball never made it through the uprights; Ted Hendricks charged through a hole in the Jet line, stuck out his long arm and got a fist on the ball. The Colts held their lead and won, 14-13. Oh yes, Hendricks was also in on 11 tackles.

So in his third year Hendricks became an All-Pro linebacker, to the surprise of no one who has played against him.

Ted and Jane Hendricks live in a Miami apartment during the off-season. "I like Baltimore but not year-round," Ted said. "You're sort of locked in winters there. In Miami there's all kinds of outdoor activity any day of the year."

His new contract, Ted hopes, will help him put a down payment on a home in the Miami area. Jane is looking around while expecting their first child in November. Ted wants no references to "the stork" in referring to that event.

As a matter of fact, he despises the Mad Stork tag, though, with characteristic acceptance, adds, "I've got to live with it." Sometimes it does get to him. "They really abused me in California the week of the Pro Bowl," he said. "They put my face in the paper on the body of a big bird. I didn't like that at all."

"I'm still ashamed to take a shower with the big guys," added the thinnest NFL rookie to succeed since Pete Rozelle. "I looked like a freak at the Pro Bowl. My body just doesn't fit in the same league with those 270-pounders."

Somebody ought to tell the 270-pounders.

TIME OUT WITH THE EDITORS!

REDUCE THE MAJOR-LEAGUE TEAMS

In the last couple of years, concerned social scientists have begun to strongly question the value of *unlimited* growth in our society. These experts note that our planet is running out of natural resources, that our most priceless resources, air and water, are being terribly befouled, and that the whole fabric of life is in danger of collapse within the next 25 years if growth is allowed to go unchecked. We do not know whether these conclusions are too pessimistic, but in sports, especially in baseball, we agree with the social scientists. Because of unwise growth, baseball is at the point of crisis today.

Last month on this page we talked about the baseball strike and about the economics of baseball today. The strike, we said, was a manifestation of baseball's ills today—spiraling salaries and spiraling expenses, fast approaching the point of no return. What caused this condition? One clear cause was expansion. Recently, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn said, "Major-league sports have overexpanded." He is right.

There are simply not enough cities that can consistently support major-league baseball today. Nor are there enough major-league caliber ballplayers around to stock the teams. So baseball, since expansion, has suffered in two ways—artistically and financially. What is the owners' answer? When in trouble, run, do not walk, to the most available city. We hardly think that shifting franchises are the answer to baseball's terrible dilemma. But we do have some proposals of our own.

We strongly urge the following survival course for major-league baseball: (1) Cut back from 24 to 20 teams; (2) Realign the American and National Leagues; (3) Drop the schedule to 140 games a season; (4) Never again allow a team to leave the city where it is located.

Revolutionary suggestions? Perhaps. But we think they make a lot more sense than, for instance, letting Bob Short move his club from Washington to Texas. Dissolve Bob Short's team, we say. We believe that there are easily four major-league franchises that can be eliminated, without as much as a sigh from the public. Besides the Texas Rangers, you can pick from among any of these teams—San Diego, which

couldn't even reach 600,000 in attendance last year; California, Cleveland, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Minnesota, Oakland or San Francisco. Pick four of these teams and wipe them out entirely, throw all the players into a huge pool and then conduct the greatest baseball draft in the history of sports. Imagine the effects of such a draft at equalizing competition, assuming the have-nots get first choice, as they do in football. The money paid for each player would be used toward reimbursing the liquidating clubs; any leftover revenue would be presented to the surviving teams to strengthen their systems.

As you have undoubtedly noticed, most of the teams we mention as expendable are in the American League. This is no accident. For many years the National League has clearly outdrawn the American League in attendance; last year the National League was ahead by almost eight million. The action, the excitement and the best players reside in the National League. That is why we consider it imperative to realign the leagues.

We suggest two ten-team major leagues, with two five-team divisions in each league. Let there be playoffs between division winners as there are today. But create a new American League and a new National League, leagues that would capitalize basically on geographical rivalries—the two New York teams in the same division; the two Chicago teams in the same division; the surviving Bay Area team—San Francisco or Oakland—in the same division as Los Angeles. Build up those great natural rivalries.

And reduce the schedule. A 140-game season is enough. Start on May 15 when the basketball and hockey playoffs are over, and then play to mid-October.

And never, never allow a franchise to move from one city to the next. Stability is one of the keys to the success of baseball. Revolving franchises do not promote stability.

There you have it, a major reorganization of baseball. We feel that our plan would create economic sanity and rekindle fan interest. We feel that our plan would provide a base for the game to flourish as we enter this new, limited-growth period in American life.

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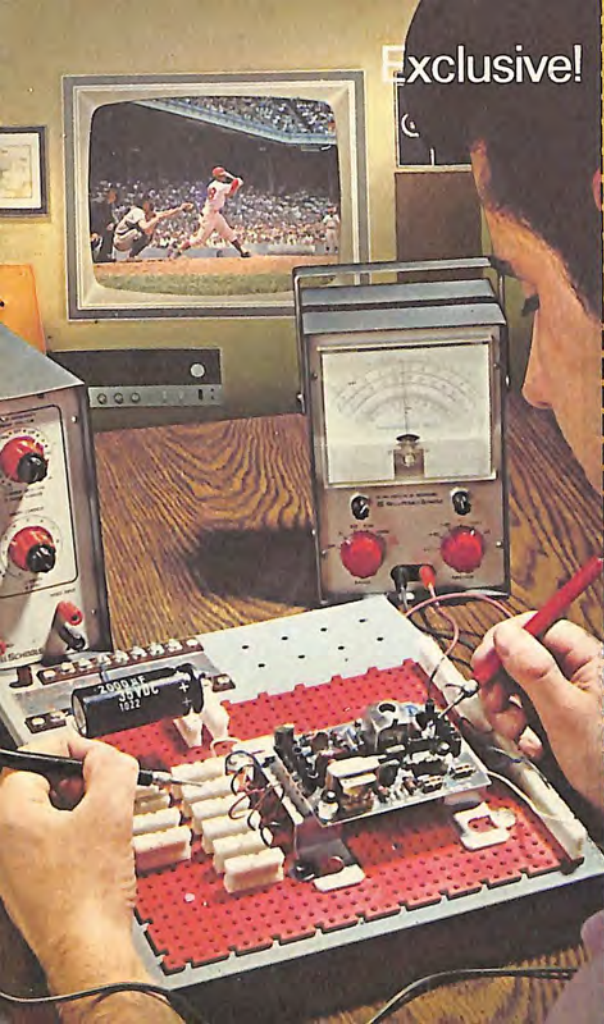
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